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THE
ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING,



FOR

1845



EDITED BY

PASCHAL DONALDSON.



THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,

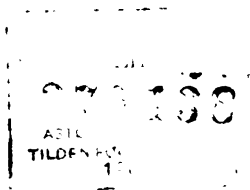
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1845.

EDITED BY

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW YORK:
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P R E F A C E.

FRIEND READER :—We shall not write a long Preface. If we should, it might not be read. Long Prefaces are worse than long speeches—are they not ?

We present thee with an Odd Fellows' Annual, Number Three. *We* think it the best of all. Judge *thou*.

Our Embellishments are the handiwork of an American Artist and an Odd Fellow. They were drawn and engraved expressly for this Book; they are, therefore, Originals.

Our matter is entirely original. *It*, also, is the work of Odd Fellows and their Ladies; whose names will live, in the memories of the Brotherhood, when *some* others' shall have died. To these Friends, who promptly responded to our application for aid in preparing this Offering, we tender sincere and warm thanks. We hope to meet them—one and all—anon. If, meantime, they require any service we might render, let them name it.

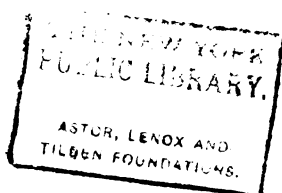
We would call especial attention to the Drama—"Catharine Howard," from the French of Alexandre Dumas—which we publish this year. It is a thrilling story. All who read, must admire it.

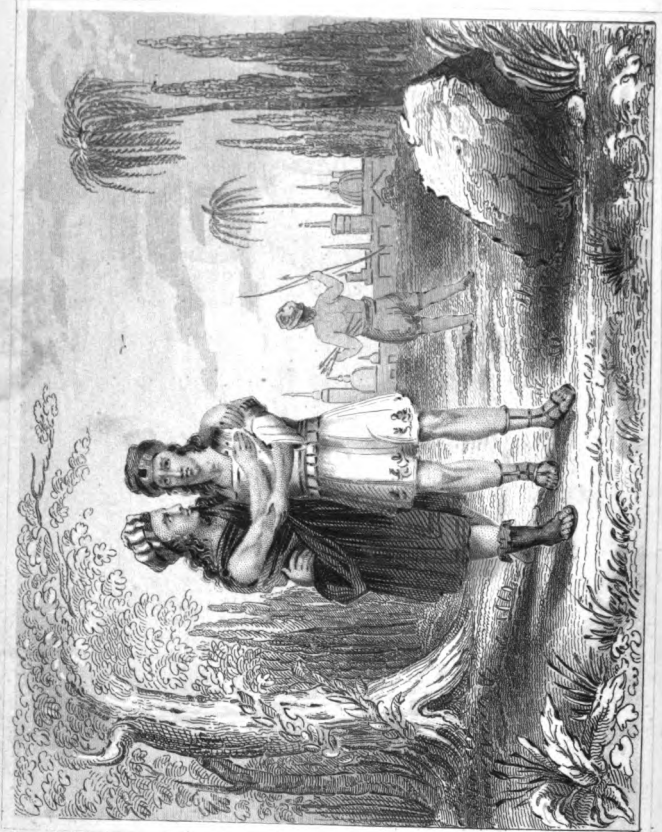
To our FAIR Friends we owe much. They have hitherto bestowed on our Book their sweet smiles of approval. We hope to merit a continuance of those smiles.

The Publishers hereof wish us to state that the Odd Fellows' Offering for 1846 will be issued in the month of October, '45. Arrangements will be immediately made to procure original Embellishments, etc. Should the patronage of the Brotherhood this year be sufficient to warrant them in the undertaking, it is their design to issue the Book in an improved and entirely new style.

NEW YORK, 20th October, 1844.

P. D.





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THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING.

DAVID AND JONATHAN AT THE STONE EZEL.

BY P. G. JOHN T. MAYO.

THE sacredness of the vows which Odd Fellowship binds upon all who enter her mystic temple, she not only enforces by precept, but illustrates by example. Here and there, upon the page of the world's history, darkened and disfigured as it is by debasing selfishness, cruel revenge and reckless ambition, shine out exhibitions of generous worth and manly virtue, which warm the heart and animate the soul with purest and holiest emotions. To these Odd Fellowship directs our attention, not merely as worthy of our regard, but as presenting finished models for our imitation.

To the well instructed Odd Fellow the names of DAVID and JONATHAN are familiar as household words. In his mind they are the symbols of ardent attachment to every deserving brother, and unswerving fidelity to his interests. The narrative which records their devotion to each other is eminently beautiful, and addresses itself irresistibly to the noblest sympathies that can live and glow in the human breast. Never was the influence—the delicacy—the loveliness of Friendship painted by so masterly a hand as that of the sacred historian.

The jealousy of the God-forsaken monarch was first kindled toward David on the return of the latter from his single-handed but successful encounter with the tall and powerful Goliath, who had so long breathed out proud defiance to the armies of Israel. On this occasion, the people went forth to meet the youthful victor with shouts of joyful acclamation; and as the glad burden of their song of triumph, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands," broke upon the ear of the king, his soul was filled with envy and indig-

nation. "What!" said he to himself, "is this poor stripling, this humble shepherd boy, so presumptuous as to receive far greater honor than myself? Has he so soon secured such an elevated place in the affections of my subjects, that even the respect due to majesty is forgotten, and his achievements are lauded to the skies, whilst mine are contemptuously cast into the shade, and this, too, within the very precincts of the royal throne?" It was enough. From that hour fierce revenge took possession of the monarch's soul, and he earnestly sought the destruction of the beardless youth whom he had learned to regard as a formidable and dangerous rival.

But between Jonathan, the son of Saul, and David, there subsisted the sincerest affection; and when the hostility of the king toward David became so violent that he was compelled to fly from his presence, the two friends entered into a solemn covenant of perpetual fidelity to each other, and sealed and confirmed it with the solemnity of an oath. "So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the

hands of David's enemies ; and Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him : for he loved him as he loved his own soul." By the terms of this compact Jonathan bound himself to protect his friend against the evil designs of his father, an obligation which he afterwards most fully and faithfully redeemed.

We are thus conducted to the transaction, the closing scene of which is the subject of the introductory embellishment of this volume. Jonathan had pledged himself to David, that if evil should be determined by his father toward David, he would apprise him of it, in order that he might make his escape from the threatened danger. In fulfilment of this assurance, Jonathan informed his friend that the king thirsted for his blood, and advised him for a short time to absent himself from the royal presence. At the end of the period prescribed, David was secretly to return and conceal himself in a certain hiding place near the stone Ezel, and it was also arranged between them that intelligence was to be communicated to him whether he might safely leave the place of his conceal-

ment, and, at the same time, as to the king's disposition towards him. This was to be done by means of certain signs and words, the import of which should be understood by none but themselves.

In accordance with the arrangement, Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed, and a little lad with him. "And he said unto the lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shall shoot, and as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing, only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city. And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times, and they

kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn, both of us, in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever. And he arose and departed, and Jonathan went into the city."

Insensible must that heart be to all that is good, and generous, and noble in human nature, which does not from its inmost depth pay homage to that disinterested self-sacrificing devotion to the claims of Friendship displayed in the intercourse of David and Jonathan. The brow of the warrior may wear the laurel wreath of triumph, twined by the hands of Beauty, and awarded as his rightful due by the acclamations of an exulting nation; Genius may read his name blazoned in characters of living light on the proud scroll of intellectual greatness; Ambition may grasp the reins of empire, and be cheered onward in his career of glory by the plaudits of a wondering world; but neither of these can boast a fame so pure as that which the heart awards to him

whose whole life is a practical exhibition of the influence of enlarged and heaven-born philanthropy.

Such was the Friendship of David and Jonathan, and such it remained, unbroken and unimpaired, until the intervention of death terminated an alliance, destined, doubtless, to be renewed and perpetuated in a higher and holier existence. But the story of their constancy remains to animate and instruct us, engraven upon a monument more glorious than the sculptured marble, and more enduring than the pyramids.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

" THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR."**BY THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR MDCCCKLV.**

GREAT personages are generally listened to with pleasure or wonder when they speak of themselves. Shakspeare, with his usual insight of the depths of human feelings and the emotions of our common nature, touched a chord that vibrates in the heart of humanity, when he represents the lovely and inquisitive Desdemona, listening with almost breathless silence and eager attention to the story of the adventurous Moor.

I often did beguile her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful ;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished

Heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

The personage that is now about to address you, kind reader, in the first person singular, has no bloody battles to tell of ; no hair-breadth escapes from fire, and fagot, and tempest to recount ; “no cannibals that eat each other, the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders ;” but what is to be said refers rather to the future than to the exploits of the past. It is proper, perhaps, then, that the reader should know something of my origin, character, features, etc. You must know, then, that I did not originate, like some of Homer's characters, “in fierce whirlwinds and thunder,” nor am I made altogether of “poets' sinews,” like Orpheus' harp ; but I claim a high, and pure, and noble origin. I am made up of the effusions of poets, the cogitations of the sage, the counsels of the parent, and the sympathies of the warm-hearted philanthropist. If you do not believe

it, ask the publisher and the printer. They will tell you that the heavens and the earth have been ransacked to beautify me with the lovely images of style, and the glowing language of rhetoric and eloquence. But I cannot dwell on what I am,—it would fill a volume to recount all my excellencies ; and you must read one to see and know the utmost of my character. It might be thought by some an ungenerous suspicion that I shall be censured, criticised, perhaps repulsed in my adventure upon the world. The strong ship that has crossed the ocean a hundred times unscathed and secure, may, the next voyage, sink beneath the devouring flood, or be torn to atoms by the sweeping blast.

If I speak the name *Religion*, or declare what my religious opinions are, some will blame me as a sectarist ; if I talk of Love, some will say that this “soft torment, this bitter sweet,” is quite beneath the dignity of my character ; if I discourse of Friendship, it will be said by some, the subject is worn out ; if I tell a tale of gallantry, I shall be called a courtier ; if I descant on the tragical, I expect to be considered “very dry.” He who at-

tempts to please all, without exception, must be disappointed in the end, and, perhaps, dissatisfied with himself. I shall make no effort to *displease* any ; and if I am so successful as to gain the admiration of the ladies, I can, without murmuring, endure all the attacks of the "stronger sex." I am no controvertist in religion or politics ; my maxim is, "The tree is known by its fruits ;" and if I can win back from the path of vice and misery *one* victim, and show him the loveliness and excellence of goodness, I will not ask him to be a sectarian nor a bigot. If I can extend and strengthen the bond of Christian charity that ought to be felt by all, and which must prevail if Christianity ever becomes universal in this crazy world, I shall obtain the commendation and esteem of every good heart. I shall aim to surpass my contemporaries in every thing. I do not affirm that I shall succeed ; this would be boasting and vanity. I intend to try and make every body religious. I mean that all who become acquainted with me shall be taught to love God supremely, and their "neighbor as themselves." This is my religion, and there can-

not be too much of it in the world. Now, while I am speaking of my religious notions, the query has suggested itself, whether an individual should be ashamed or afraid to declare his opinions in the proper place and at the proper time? It might be an interesting topic to many to lay before the reader some of the causes that have operated in various ages of the world to weaken the bands of "spiritual tyranny," and give to the freeborn spirit the liberty of thinking and judging for itself in all matters, as well as those of religion. I shall not enter upon this task at present, but I would simply suppose a case which will illustrate and explain my meaning. Suppose a society should be organized in our midst, composed of men differing in their religious views, and some quite indifferent to all religious opinions, and scarcely having any of their own. One of the laws of this compact forbids all religious and political controversy. Shall we understand by this that such an association prohibits all its members from ever expressing their opinions on religion and politics? Can they never enter into a cool, dispassionate argument with an

opposer? And must they forever close their lips against religion and politics? I have yet to learn that Odd Fellowship denies to its friends the liberty to speak of religion in a book, or in private circles, or in public places; that it declaims against the religionist and politician, and tells him to beware of declaring his sentiments. I am opposed, and always will be, to debates in our Lodges on religious or political subjects; but I will as earnestly contend for my privilege to speak and write what I conscientiously believe to be the truth on both these subjects. If no man is to be kept out of the Order on account of his peculiar opinions, (provided he be not an atheist, and allowing him to be well qualified in all other respects,) then he is not to be arraigned before its tribunal for writing his views in a book, or uttering them in a class meeting. I would have it understood that there is some difference between the members of a Lodge, while transacting their business, and the general reader.

But enough of this. I appear before you, ladies and gentlemen, in my best suit; I expect to be read and admired by thousands. I cost so little—I am

worth so much—I plead so good and so beloved a cause, that I feel the sanguine hope of being purchased and patronised by every Odd Fellow in the Union. Let my hope be consummated; and let every friend to our growing and rising Institution be careful to present to his “ladye-love,” by the first day of January next, the “ODD FELLOWS’ OFFERING.”

NEW YORK, September, 1844.

"THE THUNDER-STRUCK."

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

HASTE thee—haste thee—maiden fair!
 Haste thee to thy lowly home!
 Anxious friends await thee there;
 And they look for thee to come.
 Fly!—the heavens darker grow!—
 Fly!—the thunders louder break!—
 Fly!—the wild winds ruder blow!—
 Fly!—the stout woods fiercer shake!
 That flash!—dim mine eyes become!—
 That crash!—'t is deaf'ning to mine ear!—
 Speed thee—speed thee—to thy home!
 Thou art in sad danger here.

* * * * *

God! the bolt that thou hast sped,
 For wise ends—known best to Thee—
 Rashly struck the maiden DEAD!
 She lies stiff beneath the tree! * * *
 But O! in that lone home of hers,
 Where she in life comes not again,
 The bitter grief the heart that stirs,
 Nor pen can write, nor tongue explain!

NEW YORK, October, 1844.

PRAIRIE PAPERS.

(An Extract.)

IN the month of February, 1837, I was a lonely traveller on the western savannas. I was mounted on my good horse *Pirate*. *Pirate* was a sagacious horse: he had common sense: more than that, he was a *genius*.

There was danger in that travel;—more than it was mine to know of at the time—otherwise you had not caught me at it. I might have broken my neck, or frozen my nose!

One day—at the close of it—a storm of snow arose. As you love your life, and a pleasant fire, and a squatter's cheer, do not put yourself in the way of a snow storm on the prairies; but if you do, let it not be at night. I inquired the way and the distance at a cabin, and pushed on toward the settlement. But the tempest, with an ominous

voice, bade me return to the hut upon which I had just turned my back ; and I gave heed to the admonition. The lord of that solitary habitation had not left the door to which Pirate had again brought me : but he was still standing there, looking out upon the storm, and thinking what might be the fate of the "stranger" whom he had just before directed on his way. I dismounted, and in a moment more it was pitch dark. Go with me into that cabin. There are thought, and emotion, and tender sensibility within ! However desolate and inhospitable to look upon, however the stinging winds whistle, and the driving snow blinds, and the prairie wolves howl, and the signs of comfort are not—yet here is loving charity ; here, even here, a pensive bosom heaves, and a heart of generous impulses beats and loves.

Sit with me before this big cabin fire, which glows like a furnace, and consumes the enormous logs like a coal-pit ; while, without, the winds race and roar over the prairies. Where go your thoughts, as you sit here without motion or speech, looking into the fire ? There are motion and

speech hard by!—and it may be the better taste that *you* speak not. The elements have language. And you are in a situation, and in a frame of mind, now, to hear what they have to say: it would tax my wits to find a place more fitting. They utter their voice in words, or attune it to song; yea, they will recite you poetry, which the scribe may not letter on parchment, but it shall be transcribed on your soul. And the soul, enlarging, shall absorb to fulness and in rapturous delight, that which may not be written, nor expressed. The multitude know not of it: *it is the speech of all things which God hath made;—and that is poetry.*

There is a principle within us which the tempest and the zephyr alike move, and though they awaken not like emotions, yet are both states of feeling most practical, most noble, most refined. The soul that can be stirred in its depths by the one, must thus ever be affected by the other. The *violet* shall lead on thy soul to as charmed a state of thought—to delight as great—to purposes as noble—to poetry as sublime, as the *loftiest moun-*

tain. It may set a flowing the whole tide of poetry within thee.

But there is no poetry in Pirate. He, like most of my friends, would not think of the storm when once sheltered from it, or of the green fields after the produce was safe in the bin: but he *has* ingenuity. And my thoughts have been recalled from the various avenues in which they have been wandering, and my physical locality suggested by certain movements without, which experience assures me are Pirate's. He has found, doubtless, that his stable, or, more properly, *pen*, is not the kind best adapted to "creature comforts;" and so he will make an effort to take his stand upon the floor of the "upper house:" that is to say, he will open the cabin door with the sagacity of an elephant, and walk in unceremoniously as Towser. And, take my word for it, he would perform this delicate business courteously, and express to the members, in most unmistakeable language, the "hope that he did not intrude." Hark! there is intelligence expressed in that neigh of his—as much as to say, "With your leave;"—how gentle and con-

fidings withal ! Poor Pirate ! I will go and meet you, if not to welcome you in, at least to see what can be done to promote your comfort.

* * * * *

The hand of kindness and benevolence ! who, that has a heart, ever forgets such an one, when, among strangers, it is raised to smooth *his* pillow—and that hand is a *woman's* ? I take it upon me to set myself down as among those who would remember it forever ! Therefore must I ever look back with grateful emotions to the cabin in which God gave me shelter. There was a gentle being within its rough walls, as I have before said. Give me the memories and associations of those hearts whose young eyes, from the old homesteads, have gazed away their fleeting years on the scenes which the great ocean presents. When such an one, in the providence of God, strays far away from the land of his birth, no remembrance of his early home will cause him to heave so profound a sigh as the recollection of the snow-white sail and the deep blue sea. When he sleeps he hears the great ocean lift up its voice. He dreams of the

storm and the solitary sea-bird. He beholds again, through the dark night, the glimmering of the light-house on the distant promontory : and when he awakes, he is sorrowful that it is all a dream. And the young years of the ministering angel whom I here found were passed among such scenes, on New England's beautiful coast. She seemed, in this rugged and lonely retreat, like a bird of beautiful and delicate plumage among the naked boughs of winter. But she was happy. And the elements of that happiness were in her own breast. She met the world with never-wavering cheerfulness. Wherever, in the moral world, her footsteps passed, flowers sprung up and brought forth fruit. How happy she made the way-farer that came beneath her roof! Upon whomsoever the light of her eye fell, it charmed, and his moments passed serenely away. I would cherish in my own heart, and carry out in my life, the kindness which spoke in her every look and act : and it came not from *this* world's philosophy. But that heart which planned for the well-being of humanity—for my own individual comfort—and

the hand which executed its designs with such grace and efficiency, now lie cold beneath the mould of the prairie. But, as no particle of matter, whatever changes it may undergo, is annihilated, so no good deed, from a good motive, shall fail to *tell* forever. And the fragrance of this pure flower, that faded afar from its native bowers, shall still be given out and wafted o'er the earth while time endures. It shall perfume the air to be breathed by thousands yet to live, and give them a foretaste of the atmosphere of heaven.

J. E. D. C.

NEW YORK, September, 1844.

CHANGE.

BY J. E. D. C.

YONDER where we love to go,
When the sun is getting low,
Where the oaks their branches throw,
Above our own loved stream,
There shall stranger-forms at eve,
On our walks their foot-prints leave;
Stranger-bosoms there shall heave
Beneath the moon's pale beam.

Stranger ! when thou walkest there,
Wandering with a maiden fair—
Gentle and congenial pair—
O, ponder thou awhile;
Curious thoughts shall stir thy breast!—
Thou wilt sigh and say, " At best,
Mortal, thou art but a guest
Where this fair scene doth smile."

Thoughts like these yon bosom knew,
Sleeping now beneath the dew,
All the day and midnight through,
 When beat his youthful heart,
Standing where thou now dost stand,
By the breeze as softly fanned,
Clasping tight as fair a hand,—
 Like thee as loth to part.

Thou dost dwell where he hath dwelt,
Thou dost kneel where he hath knelt,—
Thou shalt feel what he hath felt,
 Though mournful be that lot!
Then shalt thou, too, leave the plain,
Morn and eve, and homestead lane,
Mother's voice—and ne'er again
 Behold earth's dearest spot.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

WHEN first the pair, in Eden's bowers,
Gazed round their home, so fair to view,
No serpent lurked amid the flowers,
Nor yet one guilty pang they knew.
Each spot was then a blessed shrine;
Bright spirits walked in every grove,
For Nature yet was all divine,
And earth reflected heaven above.

But oh! they felt the tempter's power;
Sin veiled from view the Father's face;
And, exiles from that hapless hour,
The desert was their dwelling place.
Oh fearful doom! oh weight of wo!—
Remorse behind, and fear before,
Alone through tangled wilds they go,
Nor dare to hope for mercy more.

But who are these, so sad, yet mild,
Their glory only dimmed by tears,
Whose aspects mark the little child,
With wisdom far above his years?

Three angels,—Friendship, Love, and Truth,—
In pity left their home of light,
To waste on earth their heavenly youth,
That they might cheer sin's gloomy night.

Sometimes apart, but always near,
They nerve our hearts to bear life's load,
And when our task is ended here,
Will lead us to their bright abode.

Here in the artist's skill you trace
A group that owns the triune sway;—
The THREE glow in that one embrace—
E'en Truth an emblem finds in Tray.

Than in a youthful maiden's breast,
Can Friendship have a purer shrine?
Than love of sister, what more blest?—
Than childhood's trust, what more divine?

FRIENDSHIP and LOVE fore'er agree;
Their language is a common speech;
For, varied though their office be,
TRUTH its expression finds in each.

NEW YORK, September, 1844.

THE HISTORY OF A RAY OF LIGHT.

BY BRO. J. W. WALES,

Late of U. S. Brig Somers.

AT the command of Omnipotence I sped forth from the sun, in a brilliant and innumerable company, to fulfil the noble, fertilizing, and productive mission, which had been assigned me. And there was darkness everywhere, and all things were strangely confused; so that there was neither order nor beauty. I went forth into primal darkness, and mingled with it, till my Maker, in his plenitude of power, was pleased to separate us, the one from the other. I then wandered on, gaily and cheerfully, through space, awaiting in patience the maturity of the hour of my mission. It came at last. The waters were gathered together with a tremendous roar: and earth, bare and verdureless, was re-

vealed to me. I hastened, with the same bright host with which I had entered upon existence, to illumine and beautify the new field of joy and glory which had been opened to me.

At my approach, the streams which had before flowed darkly along, flashed and sparkled, and ran on with beauty and music in their flow. The lovely and fragrant flowers sprang timidly from the cold sod, and the plants exalted their heads and clothed themselves with a rich and beautiful foliage. After visiting every valley and plain, stream, and high place of earth, I again sought the heavens. There, in the same gay and resplendent company, I lighted up the world of heaven, flitting on and dancing gaily and ceaselessly to the celestial harmony of their sweet music. Now I glanced upon our magnificent world; and then capriciously hurried to visit new worlds, which, in their turn, I as instantly abandoned, to throw a faint and flickering smile upon the darkened earth.

At last, I, as well as the multitude of brilliant rays which light creation, hastened to my fount

and dwelling place, the sun, that I might again issue from it to dance joyously and merrily over the earth. I again urged my downward course, accompanied by a countless concourse, though many a vagrant ray still sped hither and thither in its wayward flight. Now I played mildly on the many-colored flowers; now I danced upon the long green lawn; and then again I hovered coyly over the bosom of the stream. Gradually our number increased, and all space was flooded with our brilliance. The flowers languished and lost the glow of their beauty, and the plants drooped and became cheerless. In order to freshen and re-invigorate them I set the cool breezes in motion, and drew up, into the heated air, the graceful treasures of the waters of the earth. Then did the winds first go forth upon their blessed ministry, and the fertilizing clouds float radiantly in the heavens. Thus ever, as I dance from wave to wave on the wide ocean, or the silver streamlet, or as I wander swiftly hither and thither through the air which I move and sway, I am mindful of the beneficial agency

which I must perform in the great work of creation. Thus do I ever create, beautify, and preserve.

When man was created, I stole for him the exact image of the strange, the beautiful, and the sublime. I presented them freshly and fully to the eye. In it I mirrored the soft loveliness of the flower, the marvellous forms of animated creation, and the deep sublimity of the boundless ocean, the magnificent worlds of the sparkling firmament, and the lofty mountain, around whose summit there ever play the terrors and splendors of the dread lightning of the heavens. I became a guide to his feet, in the brilliance of noonday, or the pure silvery radiance of starlight, over rocky crags and dizzy precipices, and through the intricate mazes of the flowery woodlands. For him I ripened the mellow fruit and the golden harvest. For him I annihilated distance; and though the rushing stream separated him from some far off object, I still conveyed to him a full and accurate delineation of it. But, ever and ever, by my wonderful power, I spake to him

of the mysterious, and omnipotent, and omnipresent I AM.

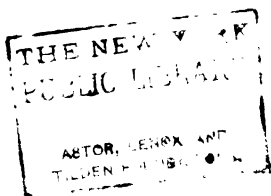
Such has been my ministration, and such shall it always be. I have lived on for ages; and I shall be to the last syllable of recorded time. I have danced gaily through the luxurious palaces of potent despots, and stolen gently and softly into the humble and comfortless hovel, to be a glory and joy to the poor in wealth and weary in spirits, who had nought else of which they might be proud, or in which they might rejoice. I have gladdened alike the youthful maiden and the aged matron; the high-souled young man, exulting in the flattering (but alas! too often deceitful) prospect of a long and glorious life, and the silver-headed patriarch, awaiting in hopeful fear the fiat which should consign his body to the grave, his spirit to its God. They who have felt life and health bounding in their veins, have walked with a firmer tread and a new strength of spirit as I fell brightly and warmly on them: and those on whom lay the heavy hand of sickness have smiled faintly, but grate-

fully, as I came like a kind friend to cheer and strengthen them. I am welcomed wherever I go. The flowers look forth beautiful and smiling from the earth, and bend gracefully toward me; whilst the trees put on their gayest robes of green to give me fit greeting. The breeze makes soft music to me, and woos me that I may come and bless it. The bright watery globules, as I kiss the cool bosom of the silvery streamlet, float softly up, and seek fondly but vainly to follow me to the bright region of the stars. They are arrested in mid-heaven, and there, as I dance gaily before them, the misty and fertilizing clouds, which they form, hurry radiant and lovely after me, and reflect back my brilliance and beauty on the smiling earth. I steal down through the thick canopy of the innumerable forest branches; and as I gild its solemn gloom, the woodland choristers, no longer silent and tuneless, ring forth a joyous and cheerful welcome. As I play softly and steadily on the sloping hill-side the innocent lambs gambol merrily, the circling swallows flit by with a gay

twitter, and the humming bee wings his swift flight to the rich and fragrant rose. Man, too, hails my approach. If I am permitted to enter his darksome cell, the poor captive feels that he has yet a precious joy left him ; and, as I beam upon his soul the remembrance of the flowers he may not see or smell, and the beautiful heavens on which he may not gaze, he smiles a grateful but sorrowful welcome, that I at least have not forgotten him. The patient student, when he has bent for hours over the midnight lamp, lifts his feverish brow and enthusiastically greets my wished return. For oh ! who shall estimate my worth to him ! And I too love him. I hasten to pour my first brilliant radiance upon his page ; and at eve I look brightly and softly through his lattice, joying to see the fresh breeze playing on his heated forehead. In the still hour of night I steal, pale, pure and silvery bright, into his closet, to inspire him with high and holy thoughts, and to cheer him on in his noble task, the acquisition of priceless knowledge. Even the monied merchant, whose heart is indurated

by sordid cares, will raise his head from his desk as I play softly on him, and unconsciously think of things better than those which form the ordinary routine of his life. Bond and free—care-worn and gay of heart—learned and ignorant—poor and rich—titled and obscure—the poet and the realist, ALL love me, and joyfully bid me “hail.” The sweet pure child at its blameless play; the quivered savage, engaged in the wild sports of the chase, or prowling on some hostile expedition; the bestial and dusky Hottentot, who seems only to seek the things necessary to the animal man; the busy man, whose soul is wrapped up in the acquisition of wealth; and the calm, peaceful, and spiritual Christian, who loves God and his works, all love me; and as I fall kindly and brightly on them, feel within them emotions which, though strange and inexplicable to them, are holy, and pure, and beautiful, and redeeming.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 3d, 1844.





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THE ODD-FELLOWS' WREATH,
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THIS motto forms a fadeless wreath
Round the Odd Fellow's honored brow;
More sweet than morning's rosy breath,
When sun-beams on the mountains glow.

The works of Charity, like flowers,
That bloomed by Eden's silver stream,
Scatter their sweet ambrosial showers,
And bring again the heart's young dream.

The fairy scenes, the dear delights,
When friends and fortune fondly smiled;
When cloudless day, and moon-lit nights,
Illumed the present dreary wild;

These come again as o'er the soul
Their honied breath like dew distils;
And memories, faithful memories roll,
Till every pulse with transport thrills.

Their rainbow colors softly blend
In beautiful and bright array;
United, from one shrine ascend,
And round one common centre play.

Love sits enthroned on every leaf,
And gilds alike each opening flower
With hues, not evanescent, brief—
But brighter, holier every hour.

On each expanding petal Truth
Fixes its broad immortal seal;
And every bud, and germ, like youth,
Bright promises of hope reveal.

And Friendship, like the beautiful rose,
Majestic on its mighty stem,
Around its precious perfume throws,
And thus completes the diadem.

Love, Truth and Friendship—Flowers divine!
Their virtues true Odd Fellows share;
No fairer wreath can mortals twine,
No brighter crown can angels wear.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., 1844.

THE STRANGER :

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

A YOUNG man of genteel appearance, a candid and not an unhandsome countenance, often attracted the attention of a lady whose disposition was such as led her to regard a stranger, if respectable, with peculiar interest ; to bring him forward in society, in which she held a distinguished station ; and to impart pleasure and happiness to one who amid thousands experiences that loneliness of soul Byron so touchingly describes. It was on a fine summer's day, when nature, attired in her coronal of beauty, held her revels in the light zephyr and among the blushing flowers, which for a season seemed to render this world a renovated Eden, that the stranger

for the first time entered her dwelling. He was invited with many others to a party, given by her children, and introduced to her. She found him intelligent, well educated, communicative, and agreeable. He was an Englishman, the son of a respectable, wealthy, and influential man. Having lost his mother in his youth, the dearest, sweetest tie on earth was sundered. Her place was supplied by a step-mother, whom he respected, but could not love: the charms of the domestic circle to him were clouded; he continually missed the friend to whom he ever communicated every feeling and wish of his young heart, whether sad or joyous. The parlor, the halls, the garden, the arbors, were all desolate. The flowers seemed to bloom less fair, and the little birds, with tuneless voices and folded wings, perched in silence upon the branches of those trees under which the happiest hours of his life had been passed. His heart sickened, his spirits failed, and while weeping over his mother's grave, he resolved to leave his native land and visit one of light and liberty, where the star spangled banner

waves in its beauty, and tread over those battle fields, those consecrated spots, where Washington achieved those immortal glories which in his own nation were emblazoned in living capitals.

He came ; and, although a stranger, was received into society, was esteemed, and soon became a citizen. At a time when converts to religion were multiplied like drops of morning dew, the sweet influences of the Spirit descended upon him, and among many others, the stranger stood up, and openly acknowledged his love for the Saviour. Often did the lady see him, and from the first became interested in him ; often met him in the church and at the communion table. Shortly after, a society of Odd Fellows was organized in the village where she resided ; among others two of her sons became members, and not many weeks after the stranger became one of the Fraternity. Knowing her to be friendly to the Institution, he called upon her, and spoke of his feelings in the most cordial manner. He said he was never so happy as after his initiation. He felt no longer alone, a wanderer, or a

stranger; but married—married to those who would never leave or forsake him. He had brothers kind and affectionate, and his bosom glowed with the holy flame enkindled by Odd-Fellowship. “Often,” said he, “have I dwelt upon coming scenes, such as sickness, loneliness and death. Not but what I was confident I should be provided for and decently buried. But now I KNOW if I am sick my pillow will be smoothed, my lamp will be trimmed, my every want supplied. I have a Father I trust in heaven, I have brothers on earth, and what more can I wish for or desire?”

Such is “Odd-Fellowship.” Such its happy consequences. Such the benefits and pleasures resulting from an union God-like and enduring. An union which can never be dissolved, but rendered stronger and stronger here, will be connected hereafter by the firmer bands of immortality. FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH, will constitute a halo of imperishable brightness, and the good works flowing from these virtues shall brighten and expand as everlasting ages succeed

each other. The cause of Odd-Fellowship is a holy cause. What so pure, what so delightful in the eye of heaven, as brotherly love? How sweet their councils, how intimate their connection, how consoling their deeds of Charity! Go ask the widow and the orphan, who have been sought out in their afflictions and relieved by their bounty, if they do not appreciate them. And who can conceive, if a cup of COLD WATER, given to a suffering brother here, shall be remembered, what the reward will be which awaits every true Odd Fellow, in that day when the question will be asked, "WHO ARE MY BRETHREN?"

SAS HARBOR, L. I., May 18th, 1844.

The following poem was written by a *State Prison Convict*, at Auburn, and presented to a friend who had taken some interest in his welfare. He was a man of intelligence; by his uniform good conduct as a prisoner, he obtained, at the hands of the keepers, many favors which the other prisoners were denied.—*Ed.*

TO THE POLE STAR.

Written in prison : occasioned by a transfer from a narrow cell of secondary light, in which the author had remained more than four years, to a larger and more comfortable apartment, which afforded a view of the Northern Hemisphere.

STAR of the Pole, abiding star,
On whom the globe's firm axis stays—
Guide of the pathless mariner,
Again I hail thy genial rays.
'Tis long, 'tis long since Time began ;
The marks of age all nature shows ;
How deep the floods have worn the stone,
How many glorious suns have shone,
How many thousand circles ran,
Since worlds from chaos rose !
Yet since thy beams have met his eyes,
The plaintive bard, in dormant gloom,
His panting bosom swelled with sighs,
His eyes suffused with tears,
Remained one-fourth as many nights
As time has numbered years ;

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Nor saw through zig-zags of his tomb
The spangled sky, the softened lights,
That gild the arch of even ;
Sweet-flowing Cinna's seven-fold rays,
Or evening Cynthia's full-orbed blaze,
The countless hosts of heaven.

When o'er the pathless main I strayed
As oft as closed the evening shade,
I've marked, sure star, thy guiding rays ;
And hours more dear were never known,
No sun as rich a radiance threw,
As when I gained a mortal view
Of heavenly Salem's burning throne.

'Twas crime that laid the poet low,
And welmed his soul in gloom and wo,
That reared umbrageous wall and bar,
And closed thy lustre, changeless star ;
And while his bosom swells with sighs,
His anguished soul incessant cries,
Ah, fallen, fallen, like Lucifer!

Saw thou, bright star, when crime began,
And sorrow, sin, and death had birth—
As swift the foul destroyers ran,
From heaven to hell, from hell to earth ?

And was it from thy glorious side
The son of morning fell,
When lawless thoughts, rebellion, pride,
Sunk guilty gods to hell ?

But HOPE, that brings the dearest dream,
May still the human breast pervade,
And like the star that wakes the theme,
Shine brightest in the shade.
And if the Muse can feel a glow,
That bids the genial pulses flow,
One thought, one feeling, holy, good,
Or tuneful, dreamful, rapt, belongs
To all his prayers, and dreams, and songs—
That holy glow is GRATITUDE.

AUBURN, N. Y., 18—

ELINORA.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

These Sonnets were suggested by a circumstance related in Mrs. JAMESON'S "Loves of the Poets."

"The Countess De Die, whom, for the sake of Poetry, I have called Elinora, was one of ten ladies who formed the Court of Love, held at Pierrefen, 1194. She loved and was beloved by the Chevalier Adhemar. It was not in this case the lover who celebrated the charms of his mistress, but the lady, who, being an illustrious female Troubadour, celebrated those of her lover."

Loves of the Poets.

I.

It was in Spring, when all was bud and blossom,
And wood and wold were rife with melody,
The air unsullied as fair Beauty's bosom
Panting fresh from the hand of Deity—
The streamlets leaped in frolic babble sweet
To mingle in the ocean's calm embrace,
And waters gushed from every green retreat,
As glad to leave again their hiding place,
And with the vernal revellers hold commune—
When from Æolian harps soft music burst,

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And my young heart with nature was in tune—
I saw thee, dear beloved Adhemar, first,
And from Love's quiver sped the fatal dart
That held and holds transfixed my bleeding heart.

II.

Thy presence dwells around, above, below,
In all things lovely and most beautiful;
I hear thy voice in every fountain's flow—
Behold thy smiles in every flower I cull
Along the hills, and vales, and gliding streams—
The lustre of thine eyes in the soft heaven—
Thy brow's bright radiance in the Iris' beams—
Thy mind in the calm pensiveness of even;
The tuneful birds, the rills, the rustling trees—
The beings of the air—the stars, the moon—
All sounds, and tones, and stirring melodies,
And aught with which my spirit doth commune,
In earth, or sea, or heaven, or space, to me
Discourse alone, adored one, of thee!

III.

Never again on earth canst thou be loved
As I have loved thee: never—never more
By love so holy can thy breast be moved,
Whilst thou remainst on this terrestrial shore;
On thee alone my faithful spirit dwelt—
To thee alone my restless fancy soared—

For thee alone before my God I knelt,
And the libations of my full heart poured.
Thy smiles—thy words—each feature of thy face—
Thy step as thou didst from me last depart—
Thy mournful gait—thy form's majestic grace—
Were caught and treasured in my doating heart,
And there have lived through every varying mood,
The solace of my weary solitude.—

* * * * *

Troy, June 17, 1844.

VIRTUE.

BY BRO. TALIAFERRO P. SHAFFNER,

Editor of "The Free Mason."

VIRTUE, in its proper and restrained sense, is used to signify a habit which improves and perfects the possessor and his actions. In this sense of the term, virtue is a principle of acting or doing well; and as there are two faculties or powers in man from which all his actions proceed, viz: the understanding and the will, so the virtue, by which he is perfected or by which he is disposed to do all things rightly, and to live happily, must be two-fold: the one of the understanding is called *intellectual*; and that of the *will*, moral or ethical. In order to live aright there are two things required, viz: to know what should be done, and when known, readily perform it; in each respect man is liable to err in various, yea, numberless ways, and he alone

•

whose understanding and will have attained their utmost perfection, can deport himself rightly in his whole course of life, unless he be regulated by the most rigid discipline in the premises. According to Aristotle, *intellectual* virtue is a habit of the reasonable soul, by which it conceives or speaks the truth, either in affirming or denying. This virtue is divided into *speculative* and *practicable*; the former is that which is conversant about necessary things, that can only be known or contemplated; the latter is that which is conversant about contingent things, that may be likewise practised. To these I find Aristotle has another division, which consists in being conversant about things which are indispensably necessary, as the arts and sciences.

The philosopher whom I have just mentioned defines moral VIRTUE to be "an elective habit, placed in a mediocrity, determined by reason, and as a prudent man would determine." The point of *mediocrity* is so questionable, that other philosophers deny the truth or perfection of the definition. Plato seems to have thought that just

sentiments concerning what was fit to be done or avoided, were of themselves sufficient to constitute the most perfect virtue. Zeno and the Stoics thought that virtue consisted in choosing and rejecting all different objects and circumstances, according as they were by nature rendered more or less the objects of choice or rejection ; in selecting those which were most to be chosen, when all would not be obtained ; and in selecting those which were least to be avoided, when all could not be avoided. This constituted the essence of virtue, and was what the Stoics called to live consistently, to live according to nature, and to obey those laws which nature, or the Author of all goodness, prescribed for our conduct ; and in this course they required the most perfect apathy, and considered every emotion which might in the smallest degree disturb the tranquillity of the mind, as the effect of levity and folly. Dr. Cumberland has placed the whole of virtue in the love of God and our fellows. Dr. Waterland, Dr. Rutherford, and others, have placed all virtue in a wise

regard to our own interest. Lord Shaftesbury places it in maintaining a proper balance of the affections, and allowing no passion to go beyond its proper sphere, or in a certain just disposition of a rational creature toward the moral objects of right and wrong. Mr. Wollaston places it in acting according to the truth of things, actions as well as words having a language, so that when this action is agreeable to the nature of things, the action is virtuous, and when it implies a false assertion, vicious. That popular moral philosophical writer, Mr. Grove, explained virtue to be a conformity of our actions to reason or wisdom. Dr. Clarke, Mr. Balguy, and many other distinguished moralists, have placed virtue to be, acting according to the relations of persons and things, in regulating our conduct according to the fitness or incongruity which there may be in application of certain actions to certain things or to certain relations. The ancient Eclectics, who pretended to follow chiefly the opinions of Plato and Pythagoras, maintained that virtue consisted in acts of benevolence. In divine nature, according to

them, benevolence was the sole governing principle of every action, and directed the exertion of all the other attributes. The wisdom of the Deity was employed in finding out the means for bringing about those ends which his goodness suggested, as his infinite power was exerted to execute them. Benevolence, however, was a supreme and governing attribute, to which the others were subservient, and from which the whole excellency of the divine operations was ultimately derived. The whole perfection of the human mind consisted in some resemblance and participation of the divine perfection, and, consequently, in being filled with the same principle of benevolence which influenced all the actions of the Deity.

By some ethical writers, virtue is distinguished into two branches only, *prudence* and *benevolence*; the former attentive to our own interest, and the latter to that of our fellow creatures; both directed to the increase of happiness, and taking equal concern in the future as in the present.

The greater number of moral philosophers have made the divisions four in number ; they are universally known as *principal* or *cardinal virtues*, viz: PRUDENCE, JUSTICE, FORTITUDE, and TEMPERANCE.

The reason of the division aforementioned is founded in this; that, for a man to live virtuously and honestly, it is necessary he know what is fit to be done ; which is the business of *prudence* ; that he have a constant and firm will to do what he judges best ; which will perfect the man, either as it restrains too violent perturbations, the office of *temperance*, or as it spurs and urges on those that are too slow and languid, which is the business of *fortitude* ; or lastly, comparatively, and with regard to human society, which is the object of *justice*.

It is not material which of these divisions should be named first, or how they should be arranged one with the other, for each means a separate and distinct part of the whole. They disjunctively are parts and parcels of the desideratum ; but when together, they constitute to

perfection the principle of pure VIRTUE. The division which I consider the most essential, and the one which should demand the special consideration of all of God's creatures, is PRUDENCE. Plato called this the leading virtue. Many other moral philosophers regard it as such also. The Roman moralist defines prudence to be a knowledge of what is to be desired or avoided, and accordingly he makes *prudentia* to be a contraction of *providentia*, or foresight. The most established and popular definition of prudence at this time seems to be an ability of judging what is best, in the choice both of ends and means.

The idea of prudence includes a due consultation, that is, concerning such things as demand consultation, in a right, proper and worthy manner, and for a competent time, that the resolution taken up may be neither too precipitate nor too slow. It also includes a faculty of discerning proper means when they occur; and to the perfection of prudence these three things are farther required, viz: natural sagacity, presence

of mind, or a ready turn of thought and experience. Among the Romans, PRUDENCE was represented by a woman standing, holding in one hand a Rule, and with the other pointing to a Celestial Globe at her feet. The Rule indicated that every action or word spoken should be measured and be strictly in accordance with certain established and regulated moral principles, and more especially that of PRUDENCE. Her pointing to the Celestial Globe meant that man must live according to the directions of the Father of Light, and that sooner or later he must yield to the decree of fate, and cease to be a being on earth.

Though paganism finds not a resting place in this our land of freedom—the country of Washington ; though the soil in which the staff of that flag which floated from the battlements of Yorktown—from the tapering mast head of the Constitution—of that flag which wraps the Patriot's remains on Vernon's Mount ; though the soil be ever so uncongenial to paganism, yet we retain certain gods, not to worship, but as symbols. Not

as the Scandinavians, who bedewed the images of their gods with the blood of their fellow-beings who were sacrificed upon the altar; we have them only to remind us of that which they are symbolic of.

God's works display great prudence. Worlds roll on—and on, and with exactness meet the mark upon the Author's rule. The "god of day," that gilds the dark islands of the blue belted ocean, performs his task, and after he rolls behind the dim line and sheds his farewell ray, the stars that spangle from the blue depths of the firmament benignly shed their radiance upon us. The storm-rolling cloud may thicken and blacken the heavens, the thunder proclaim in deep and firm tones the power of his rattling car, and the vivid flash gleam from the vault; but soon they yield to the rule of nature, and the fleecy clouds sweetly waft along with the gentle zephyr of summer's eve;—all—all obey the rules of the prudent I AM.

Man, blessed with light and knowledge of times, fails to pay that regard to prudence which

he should; and strange it is that—although he may have on his side experience and a high degree of intelligence—he wanders so far from the path of rectitude, degrades himself, and becomes so low that he is fit alone to associate with the most unhallowed demons! How essential it is for us to regard prudence in that manner which it merits! How indispensably necessary it is for us to be prudent and discreet in all our actions! Then, if prudence is so essential to our peace and happiness, shall we continue to let supineness come over us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder? God forbid.

LOUISVILLE, KY., 1844.

FAREWELL WORDS: TO ANNA.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

O, LADY ! may no hopeless sorrow
Shade with gloom thy beautiful brow ;
But may the dawn of every morrow
Find thee as I see thee now !
May care ne'er cloud thy brow with sadness,
But in thy way may angels rise,
To cheer thee with their songs of gladness,
And lead thee to the skies.

Thou art not sad, like those who leave thee ;
Thy thoughts are fix'd on coming years ;
And O I must not—will not grieve thee
By words that end in tears.
I leave thee ; lady, thou art smiling !
Thus may thy life glide sweetly on ;
May love and peace, thy hours beguiling,
Be with thee till thy days are gone !

NEW-YORK, 1844.



THE GOOD BREADWOMAN'S WINDOW.

Engraved for the Odd Fellows' Offering.

THE ELDER'S WINDOW

GENERAL DONALDSON

... and the same thing is true.

My heart with yours

...and way now.



THE ODD-FELLOW'S WIDOW.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

CHEER thee—cheer thee—Widow lone ;

Let thy brow be sad no more ;

Bid those louring clouds “ Begone ! ”

And thy heart to Hope restore :

Friends are round thee, widow, now,

Who will rouse thee from thy gloom ;

The voice of Love shall light thy brow,

And bless again thy lonely home.

Ere bitter tears shall dim thine eyes,

Or Sorrow wring thy heart with sighs,

Or Want along thy pathway rise,

With its aspect vile—

Bright, heav'nly Hope, with gladsome wing,

Shall Joy to thy crush'd spirit bring—

Shall o'er thy heart her radiance fling,

And cheer thee with her smile.

Ah! though thy fondest dreams have fled;
Though the Grave now holds the dead,
Whose days, alas! too soon have sped,
 Sad preachers of decay!
The hand of Friendship meets thee here,
And, true to one to memory dear,
The voice of Love thy hearth shall cheer,
 And drive grim Care away.

Thou art happy, Widow lone!
 From thy brow, so sad before,
The louring clouds of Grief are gone,
 And Care disturbs thy heart no more:
Yet Friends are nigh thee, widow, still—
 The same who cheered thy hour of gloom—
Their words of Peace thine ear shall fill,
 And light with Joy thy happy home.

October 23, 1844.

OUR ABORIGINES.

BY P. G. GEORGE J. GARDNER.

IN the beginning, man was created a moral, social, and intelligent being ; free from restraint, and endowed with a "spirit which would not brook control." The world was bright before him ; its paths were open, free from obstruction ; in them he was left to roam undisturbed. No tyrant swayed his sceptre, to crush his sacred rights ; no haughty son of ambition exalted himself, clothed in the livery of royalty, to annihilate his freedom or destroy his earthly happiness.— But anon man became corrupt. Imbibing the cursed and demoralizing spirit of "vaunting ambition, which overleaps itself ;" the nature of a demon became implanted within him ; he disobeyed the voice of Nature and of Nature's God, and fell from his pristine purity : worldly honor

became his god ; wealth and power his idols.— Thus has it remained to the present day, and thus will it ever remain. A spark of this Promethean fire touched the bosoms of our forefathers. It accompanied them as they left the land of their childhood, and sought upon their peaceful shores a home, where they could fearlessly worship God, and “chant the anthem of the free.” Prior to that period this Continent had remained unhallowed by the avaricious touch of the foreign invader. Here nature, unalloyed by art, dwelt in her rude simplicity. The wild untutored savages had not yet learned

“To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—nor frame
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems.”

Here the aborigine reposed in peace, security, and contentment: his home had never been desecrated by the hand of a civilized nation. Century upon century had rolled back into the abyss of time, yet his rude tenement remained undisturbed. But the stranger came among them ; he

asked for a spot whereon to pillow his head in safety from the winds and storms of a country within whose dominions the foot of his kinsman had never trod. His story was listened to with heartfelt emotion ; the sympathy of the red man was excited, and he welcomed him to his humble home, to live in peace among them. They fed, clothed, and succored him ; together they followed their daily pursuits ; and apparently all was well with him. But the fiendish spirit of avarice and ambition soon began to work within the bosom of the stranger. From a space which a " bull's hide " was sufficient to cover, he coveted the forest as far as the eye could reach : he was denied, and rapine and bloodshed ensued ; in return for the many kindnesses which he had received from them, he sent as it were a viper among them. From that period the war of extermination has been rapidly going on. Discord and contention arose, and from day to day wrath kindled wrath. The hatred of the red man was aroused at repeated wrongs. The cry went forth, " War, war to the knife ! " The red man was

hunted as a lion to his lair, and pursued until he lay weltering in his gore. His home was desecrated ; his wigwam, whose smoke had risen undisturbed for generations, was reduced to ashes by the livid torch of the invader, and his family butchered, or compelled to fly for safety to some sequestered spot in the lone forest. Thus commenced eternal hatred between the white and the red man ; thus did the stranger repay the debt of gratitude. By the wiles and arts of the white man, the savage was brought in subjection.— Treachery and knavery did the work. No cunning art was left untried. The white man's "fire water" was introduced among them, and served to "steal away their brains." The noble spirit of these hereditary sons of the land was crushed—the pride of their boasting was lost to them for ever. They recked not life, while in bondage to the white man. Their wives and daughters were sold in licentiousness, while they gave themselves up to riotous dissipation. Oh ! white man ! the weight of their sins rests upon thee—thou hast worked their ruin ! Contrast

now their situation with what it once was ; when in the pride of their strength, untainted with corruption and crime, they dwelt in peace and harmony, the sole possessors of the soil. Even *here* upon this spot, where now the lofty spire rears its head to heaven, were wont to assemble, at the call of their chiefs, the stately warriors. They came by scores, from the eastern point of the broad valley of the Mohawk, to the western bounds of the rugged St. Lawrence. They came amid the dense forest, untracked by the white man ; but they came not, as now a remnant of them come, the victims of dissipation ; but as the lordly monarchs of this vast territory, mighty in strength and ready for action. They came not as now, with tattered garments hanging loosely about their almost denuded persons, fit only for the howling winds to play amongst—but the neat and tidy hunting shirt and wampum told that vice, licentiousness and crime, had not yet crept among them. But where now are those stately forms—those lordly chiefs—those rightful possessors of this soil ? Where is the red-browed hunter race,

"Who humbled 'mid their dewy glades
The swift deer's antlered crown,
Or soaring at his highest noon,
Struck the strong eagle down."

"Tall barques of pride
Do cleave our waters blue,
And strong keels ride our farthest tide;
But where's *their* light canoe?
A blight came down, a blast swept by,
Their cane-roofed cabins fell,
And where that exiled people fled
It is not ours to tell!"

'Tis true, a handful of them yet remain scattered far and wide o'er this vast territory. They have passed as a summer's cloud! A few are among us, but oh! how changed! What a degraded remnant of a tribe that once boasted, in the flower of its glory, of a noble band of five thousand warriors!—now scarce three hundred meager looking objects of pity, all told. 'Tis but a short time since their chieftain paid the debt of nature; he fell suddenly, but with his armor on. To the day of his death, his hatred to the white man existed, and ceased only with his last expiring breath. Of him it could never be said, he forsook the customs of his forefathers,

or relinquished the characteristics of his tribe. A rigid advocate of ancestral rites, he never cast aside the costume of his once powerful tribe. The scalping-knife, the hunting belt, and the tomahawk, shone always conspicuous about his person, and often attracted the gaze of the passer-by. How often have I marked his tottering footsteps, struck with admiration, at one who might strictly be termed "the last of his tribe!" Brave Houndayaga!—the snows of more than five score winters had whitened thy head, but time could not daunt thy noble spirit, nor eradicate from thy memory the injuries committed upon thy race by the white man. Rest thee! in thy quiet hunting ground, and soothed by the communings of the Great Spirit, may thy repose remain undisturbed "to the day of eternal waking."

"Oh! in that spirit land,
Where never yet the oppressor's foot hath pass'd,
Chief! by those sparkling streams,
Whose beauty mocks our dreams,
May that high heart have won its rest at last!"

Though monuments may crumble, and diadems fade, may thy matchless glory remain untarnished, when thy nation shall have passed away as a vapor!

And to whom shall we attribute this work of degradation? To whom else but the white man! Yes! to him, and to him only. Has he not robbed them of their possessions; a heritage bequeathed them by Almighty Power? Is it not through his influence that they have been brought to their present state of wretchedness? Has he not converted their hunting grounds into marts of opulence, and their fields to sources of aggrandizement? Is it not he, who, even at this moment, is pushing them at the point of the bayonet, far beyond the remotest bounds of civilization? Ay! and much more. In the language of Logan, let the anathema fall upon the white man—"Cursed be thee and thy seed forever, for the evil thou hast done to us!" Can pecuniary wealth repay the reiterated wrongs committed upon the poor Indian, although under sanction of a national treaty? Can a few

handfuls of gold call back the spirits of those departed chieftans? Alas, No!—it stands, and *ever will* stand as a foul blot upon our national escutcheon.

But how long ere the final act of extirpation shall have been consummated? All, nearly all, have gone. A few more years at most, and the drama will be closed. Far to the westward these few solitary stragglers of a once powerful and mighty nation may now be found. Around the verge of those snow-cap't hills, whose summits dare the forked lightning, they have taken up their last habitation. They are fast journeying to that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." The white man's avarice still pursues them, like the leech, continually crying, "Give, give!"—Never to be satisfied until the last lonely wanderer of his tribe shall have found a resting place beneath the surging waves of the Pacific. Can such things be, and retribution never come? Alas! that day must sooner or later hasten on. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," is the voice of Omnipotence. The

blood of the red man cries for redress. The banks of the Wabash and the swamps of Florida have answered the cry, by the sacrifice of many of our bravest men. Scenes of carnage and bloodshed mark the pages of our history ; thousands of lives have been sacrificed ; and for what ? To add to our immense territory a few more feet of soil, the property of another, whereon to glut our avarice. Oh ! my country, that such things should be spoken of thee !

But though the voice of a King Philip, of a Tecumseh, and Tustenogee, are silent in the grave ; though Powhatan and Pocahontas have long since closed their eyes in that "sleep which knows no waking ;" though Uncas, Red-Jacket, and Skenandoa have passed away as the snows of the mild and balmy spring ; yet as a nation, the memory of the red man lives, and *will live* when proud monuments have sunk to oblivion. When their race shall have become extinct from the face of the earth, and their history shall have been forgotten, a language that's mute shall speak of them in their native

simplicity ; nature and art combined shall serve to immortalize their memory. Their names shall dwell upon mountain, hill-top, and vale, and be wafted o'er ocean, lake, and river. Ages shall pass away, but their memory shall dwell upon Niagara's thunder, while its echo shall be reverberated from shore to shore. It shall flow on Susquehanna's and Potomac's tide ; gracefully it shall dance on Ontario's billow, and quietly sleep on Horicon's wave. It shall repose on the snow-cap't summits of the Alleghanies, and bask in the sunshine of Wyoming's vale. All, all, shall harmoniously blend to save from the grave of oblivion the memory of this injured race.

Brethren of the "mystic tie," to us is assigned a part in this duty of perpetuating the memory of this persecuted people. Shall we remain idle, when such an object demands our aid and sympathy ? Shall we not add our mite toward carrying out this noble object ? Let

us catch the same spirit; whilst nature speaks, let not her observers be dumb. Let *us* venerate their memory in an appropriate manner. Let our Lodges take to themselves the names of their "departed chiefs, sachems, and warriors;" though all else fails, let their dialect be preserved. Ay! the call, I know, will meet with a ready response. Already has the Order responded. Upon the broad homestead of the once mighty "Six Nations," a *Tehoseroron* has sprung up; clustering about it we find a *Genesee*, a *Teoronto*, and a *Cayuga*; and in close proximity, an Oneida, an Onondaga, and a Skenandoa. "Go on" brethren, in the good work; and whilst you crown the living with blessings, forget not to honor the dead. Remember the "mystic three" and the "bow of promise," and forget not that he too was our "covenanted" BROTHER!

" Thus will we build their monuments,
Though we destroy their dust."

SYRACUSE, August, 1844.

THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE.

BY REV. W. ROLLINSON.

ENOUGH for me if I can do for man
One deed of worth ; if I for human kind
Can work an act of all-enduring good.
What matters though no tongue should lisp my name—
No pen accord to me Fame's gilded wreath ?
If there amid the glorious house of truth
Unchanging stands a stone my hand has raised,
I live—exist for ever—in that act.
Nor conflagrations, pestilence, nor war,
Can e'er destroy my hope ; there I exist !
For this, then, would I live ; for this would die,
To benefit my kind—to point their heart, and hope,
High upward unto God, the one Supreme,
And unto man, their fellow, one with them
In destiny ; united in the high
Indissoluble bonds of brotherhood :
That heart to heart united, man might live
His noble destiny—might grasp the thought,

And act it out, that when we live, we die,
First to ourselves, then live for man—to God;
And then, though unremembered—vilified—
Though scorned, despised, and slandered—yet this done,
(Successfully or not, as God decrees,) .
My single aim, my duty all fulfilled,
In doing that I might for man and God,
Contentedly I'd yield my body up
To death and worms, and let forgetfulness
In slumbering thought rest ever on my name.

RAHWAY, N. J., JULY, 1844.

"WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP?"

It is summed up in the mandate of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the United States : " We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, assist the widow, and educate the orphan." These are the duties we are faithfully laboring to perform. Silently and unostentatiously the streams of our benevolence are constantly diffusing themselves abroad in every direction. They resemble the gentle rivulet quietly winding through the vale, hidden in the wild luxuriance of the deep ravine, but imparting freshness and fertility wherever it flows. A cold and selfish world may deride our humble name, but "around it are clustered the grateful recollections of many a child of sorrow, of many a widowed heart." Go to yon chamber, where lies a brother stretched upon the couch of pain and sickness. Whom do you find there, watch-

ing by the side of the sufferer—gently raising his enfeebled body, and applying the soothing cordial or the healing balm to his parched and feverish lips, and keeping there long vigils through the dreary night? They are his brethren of the Order, engaged in the discharge of one of the most important duties imposed by their obligations. Perchance it is a lowly hovel.—The foppish fool and the conceited upstart would consider it beneath their dignity to cross that humble threshold—and the priest and the Levite take good care to pass by on the other side. But what is that to the true Odd Fellow? He pauses not to contemplate the aspect and dimensions of the building—it is none of his concern whether the interior is decorated with hangings of tapestry or festoons of cobwebs. It is enough for him that it is the abode of a suffering brother, and he hastens onward, not only to pour upon his ear the welcome music of kindly sympathy and affection, but to present him with a tangible evidence that his brethren have not only the heart to sympathise with him in the hour of his afflic-

tion, but a hand to relieve the wants of those for whom he has no other means of support.

From these facts it cannot but be perceived that we seek not to cast the veil of mystery over our designs. We stand before our fellow-men in the proud confidence of rectitude of purpose. We recognize no principles that we are ashamed to avow. We are not engaged in conspiring against the rights and happiness of mankind. We are not seeking the subversion of the church, nor the destruction of civil government. With political parties and religious sects we have no connection or concern. Our single aim and design is to assist each other in the time of suffering and misfortune, and as far as our means will enable us, to extend the hand of our benevolence to every deserving object.

“ Well,” says the objector, “ you have certainly some things in your Society that you do not want every body to know, and for that reason you bolt and bar your doors, and will not admit any to be present at your meetings but members of the Order.” Very true ; and is there any thing

improper in that? Every other society does the same, and why should we be denied the common privilege? What motive but the gratification of mere idle curiosity, can strangers have for wishing to witness our business transactions? Why should they claim the right of knowing what candidates are proposed and rejected; what members suspended or expelled; what brothers are sick and distressed, and what widow it is that applies for aid; and how much we contribute to their relief? We do not think it proper to give publicity to matters of this nature. If a brother is in circumstances requiring our friendly assistance, we cannot conceive upon what principle we are required to proclaim the fact, openly, before an unfeeling and censorious world. These are our reasons for keeping our transactions strictly within the limits of our own Society. It is admitted, too, that we have certain tests by which we are enabled to recognize each other, and thereby the more effectually to protect ourselves from imposition. This is our only reason for employing them. We find

them not only useful, but indispensably necessary. In themselves considered, they are perfectly valueless. The only importance we claim for them arises from the fact, that they enable us readily to prevent and detect frauds, which, but from this precaution, would be extensively practised upon us. Indeed, but for this, we might as well turn our treasury at once into the street, and tell the public to help themselves. Suppose a brother from New Orleans applies for admission or assistance, how are we to know that he is an Odd Fellow? It is true he may be furnished with a certificate; but in the multiplicity of Lodges, it would be impossible to distinguish, with certainty, the spurious from the genuine. It is better, therefore, both for himself and us, that he is enabled to present us with an additional and perfectly satisfactory passport, consisting of the signs and tokens appertaining to the degrees which he has received.

Permit me, briefly, to advert to the only objection to our Order, that, to my mind, has ever

appeared worthy of serious consideration. I allude to the charge sometimes made, especially by professors of religion, that as members of the Order we are compelled to associate with all descriptions of character, and to acknowledge them as brethren. To this we reply, that perhaps there is not, after all, such a heterogeneous commingling of characters and complexions amongst us as some may be led to imagine. We do not, as a matter of course, receive any and all who may choose to present themselves. On the contrary, we endeavor to observe the utmost circumspection in the admission of candidates. We are solicitous to admit none upon whose moral character there rests the slightest stain or reproach. As one who has enjoyed the privilege of an extensive acquaintance with the Order, I am prepared to bear testimony to the fact that there is no other human institution in existence which imbodyes, in proportion to its extent, a greater amount of sterling integrity and moral worth. We do not, however, deny that, with all our vigilance, the unworthy may occasionally

succeed in gaining admission. But this fact ought not to be permitted to weigh against our principles; neither ought we to be required to abandon a most laudable and useful enterprize, because some are to be found in our ranks who prove themselves recreant to their obligations, and unworthy of the confidence we have been induced to repose in them. The purity of the Order we are determined at every sacrifice to maintain, and in all cases of misconduct, to deal with the delinquent as the nature of his offence and the interest of the Institution shall require.

There are two classes of society to whom we consider ourselves especially entitled to look for encouragement in the prosecution of our labor of love; those who profess to be the followers of that divine and illustrious personage, whose whole career, whilst he sojourned upon our earth, was distinguished for acts of kindness and compassion, and those whose fair forms and kindling smile gladden, and beautify, and bless the scene of our domestic enjoyments. Let those whose breasts are closed to the appeals of humanity

assail us with opposition and reproach: let such as refuse to listen to the cry of the widow and the fatherless regard our Order with the sneer of suspicion and the cold contempt of incredulity; but for woman, whose gentle heart ever vibrates responsive to every touch of sorrow's plaintive chord, we look for those testimonies of sympathy and interest that cannot fail to cheer us onward, and animate us with increasing zeal in the holy and godlike cause of benevolence. Oft has the silent tear, upon the cheek of the bereaved mourner, spoken, with an eloquence which words could never reach, the emotions of a full and grateful soul, when the kind hand of our Order has been stretched forth to crown her board with plenty and brighten up her lonely hearth; when through its tender care her little ones have been fed and clothed, and trained in the path of virtue and wisdom. And all this without offending one sentiment of generous pride, or awakening in her breast a humiliating consciousness of dependence. And woman does appreciate our Institution. When, with the quick-

ness of her intuitive perception, she realizes its noble character, the sweet light of her sunny smile and the bright glance of her kindling eye convey to us the sentiment of her own kind and generous heart, "Go on and prosper."

In the onward progress of our beloved Order we have abundant reason to rejoice. It has triumphed—gloriously triumphed, over the dominions of error, prejudice, bigotry, and intolerance. Already has it done much, and much more will it yet do, toward levelling those factitious distinctions which are the offspring of human pride and selfishness. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, when admitted within our pale, all stand upon one common level. We have no distinctions of sect or caste among us. God has made none; we recognize none. Worth and virtue are the only passports to Odd Fellowship. The depraved and licentious, though revelling in luxurious abundance; though surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of earthly ambition; are indignantly driven forth as unwelcome intruders,

from the vestibule of our sanctuary. Our Lodges are the nurseries of every generous sentiment—of every manly virtue. We are here solemnly exhorted to subdue the prejudices of pride and the antipathies of envy, and to cherish toward each other the most cordial and sincere attachment. No considerations of interest, no excuses of idleness, no specious reasonings of hypocritical selfishness, are there permitted to lift their pleading voice against the sacred claims of duty. To relieve the distresses of a brother, and to assist him in every laudable and virtuous undertaking; to shield his widow and fatherless children from the cold unpitying blast of adversity,—these are the imperious requisitions of our profession. We have pledged ourselves to each other, with one mind and one heart, to aid in diffusing the principles of brotherly love among ourselves and through the world at large.

To such as may be disposed to seek admission to the rights and privileges of the Order, we say, bring with you an unsullied name and a warm,

benevolent heart, and you will find a ready place in our affections; a cordial welcome to our feast of love. Mistake us not. We appear here, not as the apologists for Odd Fellowship; not to entreat your tender mercies in our behalf; nor to prevail upon the stranger to cast his lot with us. Happily, no such course is required at our hands. Our Institution has asserted its own claims in the wide spread and unprecedented conquests it has achieved. There was a time when its advocates were compelled almost to assume the attitude of humble suppliants for public favor. There was a period when the most sanguine among its friends were almost led to despair of its ultimate success. But it has triumphantly passed the ordeal. Public opinion has declared in its behalf, and from outward assaults it has now nothing to fear. Like the solid ocean rock, it has lifted its head amid the storm, and survives unscathed the fearful war of the elements. The howling tempests have burst upon its summit, and the fierce waves have foamed and dashed in fury against its base: but still it stands; and this day we

breathe the heart-warm prayer, long may it continue to stand; bearing aloft, in the darkness of affliction's night, a welcome beacon torch, to guide life's tempest driven mariner across the troubled waves of human wo to the calm haven of rest.

J. T. M.

NEW YORK, 1844.

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THE ODD FELLOW'S DAUGHTER.

Engraved for the Odd Fellows' Offering.

THE ODD FELLOW'S DAUGHTER.

BY F. J. OTTEWILSON.

One sweet summer morning she wandered away
On a mission of Love to the cot of the poor,
While the bright smile of heaven in loveliness lay
O'er meadow and forest, o'er mountain and moor;
And, as gaily she tripped o'er the dew-spangled ground,
With her brother she spoke of her errand abroad,
While their young hearts rejoiced in the glory around,
And leaped in the fulness of love to their God.

'Tis pleasant, dear brother, to spare from our store
A tithe for the humble and poor of the earth;
'Tis nobler with comforts to visit their door,
Than to revel in wasteful and profitless mirth;—
To roll through the crowd in the shining array
Of folly and fashion, all gleaming in gold,
And pass from the world unlamented away,
Despised or forgot ere our ashes are cold.



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And pass from the world unlamented away,
Despised or forgot ere our ashes are cold.

Our parents (O! long may they live to enjoy
The bounty bestowed by the Good One above,)
Have taught us our thoughts and our hands to employ
In the service of Charity, Friendship, and Love;
To look on the high and the humble alike,
To judge by the soul and the actions alone,
Nor spare where the Truth would impel us to strike,
Though the culprit inhabit a palace or throne.

By the creed of the Order our father adorns,
We acknowledge the honest as brother and friend;
The soul that dishonor and infamy scorns
Is linked with our own to eternity's end.
God's blessing o'ershadows the noble and true,
Whose hearts are to Friendship and Charity given,
Who will shower their comforts, as evening its dew,
Till earth shall be filled with the glory of Heaven.

NEW YORK, October 8th, 1844.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S CASKET.

MR. EDITOR :

I WOULD place in your "Offering"

A Casket rare :

'T is made by entwining

These flowers fair :—

The Lily, the Myrtle and Evergreen blend ;

They form the inscription for *that* side—"A Friend."

Unite the white Rose

With the Violet blue,

And LOVE the most pure

On *this* side you may view ;

Then gather some sprigs from the Touch-me-not stem,

And TRUTH will appear, justly pictured in them.

The back of this Casket

A heart shall adorn ;

It will be in its place

When all emblems are worn ;—

And the lid of this treasure an Oak-Leaf shall be,—

In the Ivy around it chaste Virtue we see.

Now raise we the cover :

Within we behold

Rich jewels, more precious

Than silver or gold ;

The widow's last sigh and the orphan's last tear ;—

Odd-Fellows have hush'd, dried and buried them here.

The key may be found

In the heart—the best place ;

And the safety-chain find

In the Odd-Fellow's face :—

With pleasure this Casket to him I confide,

And hope it may long be his comfort and pride !

E. C. H.

NEW YORK.

THE COVENANT.

[Gen. viii., 1—22.]

BY BRO. GEORGE HATCH.

THE Ark was motionless.
From the uplifted Mount of Ararat,
All gazing o'er the waters' drear expanse,
Creation's remnant wistfully were grouped.
From out the portals of their wondrous house
A bird had lately flown; and they were mute,
Awaiting its return; or watching still
The mighty ebb and flow of clashing tides.
Pent wearily within their castle strange,
Which had been buffeting the waves so long,
Had their full hearts beat quick, alternately
With fear and hope and aspirations high,
Mingled with dreams of future destiny.

And thus they stood,
Themselves a riddle and all else a doubt;
Scarce noting, in their deep anxiety,

The cloudy haze which lowering swept by,
Like angry spirit forms of doom and death,
Brushing their flowing locks with chilly breath.
Anon the bird appears; but brings, alas!
Nor joy, nor hope, nor longed-for signs of peace,
Wherewith to stay their drooping hearts' despair.
Wing-wearied and faint, she silent pleads
For rest within the Ark.

The days passed on; and when the seventh came,
Again the messenger of love went forth;
With rapid flight she circled in the air,
And ever and anon would swiftly dart
Up toward the blue Empyrean on high,
As if inspired with confidence in heaven,
Or moved by uncontrollable delight.
Sudden she disappears beyond the sight
Of those within the Ark; but lo! again
At eventide returns, and bears with joy
The welcome Heaven-directed Olive Branch.
Emblem of peace! token of bloom again
On the drowned earth! with what pure ecstasy
Was thine appearance hailed, by those whose hearts
In blank uncertainty were growing cold.

A brief space yet within their eyrie house
The chosen family remained; and then,

Behold, the aged Patriarch descends
Again to earth. His silvery hairs once more
Float loosely on the breeze, and zephyrs fan
His hollow cheek. Oh, how untold and rich
Must thanks have risen from his altar then !—
Oh, what a thrill of heavenly confidence
Succeeds the Covenant of God with men !—
And while with reverential awe they kneel,
The Rainbow tints confirm Jehovah's oath.

NEW YORK, 1844.

AMUSEMENTS.

BY P. G. B. B. HALLOCK.

It hardly can be doubted that this mixed state of good and evil is made more tolerable by the sources and objects around us by which we may be amused. What Pope says, of being "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," is not always confined to children. The studious, toiling youth, after poring for hours over his studies, seeks for recreation; the hardy, industrious mechanic, the tradesman, and the farmer, yea, all who earn their bread by active exercise of mind and body, desire to be amused when the toils of the day are over. It is one of the innumerable evidences of the divine benevolence, that the divisions of time and seasons, the alternation of day and night, the physical aspect of the universe, and the condition of society, afford opportu-

ilities for relaxation from labors, and give abundant invitation to all classes of community

“ To be delighted when they can behold
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy.”

The Creator teaches us by the antic frolic of the sportive lambs as they bound over their native meads and play a thousand feats, by the evening song of the bird as he sings the summer sun to rest, by the playful mood of the plough-horse when released from labor to go to his pasture, that amusement is not simply allowed to mankind, but that it is one of the very elements of social and happy existence. I set that individual down as an ascetic or a misanthrope who cannot be pleased with the chatter and frolic of little children: he who cannot find a fund of entertainment in looking on the beauties of nature, or in associating with the pure-hearted and the good, “ lacks the natural touch,” and deserves the same censure that the bard has placed on the head of him who cannot be moved by music; “ he is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.” Miss Sedg-

wick, in her description of a Sabbath in New England, portrays, in her humorous and inimitable style, that feeling or state of mind at which we have here glanced. She says, "If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice; and if perchance nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter, 'My dear, you forget, it's Sunday,' is the ever ready reproof. Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, 'The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day.'" The reader will understand, then, that we are in favor of amusement; we would deprecate that avaricious, selfish spirit which can never step aside from the monotony and scramble of making money,

"To hold high converse with the god-like few,
Who to the enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth and love, and melody."

We would insist on the utility, yea the virtue of stopping in the midst of our journey, diversified

and perplexed as it is with care, and business, and toil, to court the pleasures of amusement. A short visit to a beautiful flower garden may cure a fit of anger, and the desponding, skeptical heart may resume its wonted vigor and faith, by a view of the Falls of Niagara, or some enchanting landscape. Sir Isaac Newton was amusing himself under an apple tree, loaded with delicious fruit, when he made the discovery, from an apple's fall on his head, that laid the foundation of his enduring fame, and gave to Natural Philosophy one of its most brilliant gems. Archimides was amusing himself one day, when he brought to light a principle by which he was enabled to discover, what could not have been known without it, the fraud practised on the Sicilian king. There are advantages in amusement; and we would not be understood to mean by amusements any thing of a criminal or evil kind. The gratification which the vulgar may enjoy at seeing the ferocity of two maddened beasts in tearing each other to pieces, is not entitled to the name of amusement; and

that kind of enjoyment manifested in beholding a fellow being expiring on the gallows, has no affinity to the pleasures of which we are speaking. Amusement of an innocent, laudable nature is that to be recommended ; one that answers as a pleasant resting place in the journey of life. Amusements of that kind and quality which relieve the tediousness of labor, soften the asperities of our common nature, and fit us to perform our duties with a renewed faithfulness and vigor, are what we mean by this term. Whether we read for amusement, or visit any public resort or exhibition for it, we naturally and almost intuitively consent to the fact that there must be some beauty, skill or taste displayed ; and these are what constitute the moral character of such relaxation. Besides, we are not alone in the enjoyment of this pleasure ; our recreations of this order are generally indulged in the company of those we love. We are not merely happy ourselves for the time being, but we wish others to be so. We mingle with our fellow men on such occasions, and the strife and formalities of ordi-

nary life are laid aside; one general feeling of goodwill pervades the whole.

It is well then to indulge in rational, innocent amusements. Deny them not to children; let their young hearts beat with delight in contemplating the beauties of nature and of art; let them cull flowers from the parterre, shells from the sea-side; let them be amused in beholding and learning the works of God. Let youth and manhood find their amusement in cultivating the social feelings, in meditating on the grandeur and excellence of their own moral dignity, and in learning what is wonderful and pleasing in the natural world, what is good just and true in the moral. But alas! how often are our amusements turned into an evil! The same element that yields us such pleasure when faint and thirsty beneath the summer sun, if allowed to overleap its channels, spreads ruin and desolation along its sweeping flood; the fire that warms and protects us from the chill blasts of winter, can also lay our houses and our bodies in a crumbling pile of smoking atoms. When our whole life is turned into a per-

petual day of amusement, when business, duty, all are neglected, and occasional recreation itself degenerates into the sole employment of the individual, what was a blessing becomes a curse. The evils of an inordinate love of amusement take their character and degree from the nature of the amusement itself. Let us take an example or two.

Fidelia was an amiable, intelligent girl; all who knew her prophesied that she would make some man an excellent wife. She was married to a young merchant just set up in business by his wealthy father, and in due time she entered upon the duties of the housewife and the mother. Being somewhat of a romantie turn of mind, she had acquired a strong attachment to novel reading; but her friends and her husband seemed not to regard this in any other light than that of an amusement. So it was at first; but now she appears to regard nothing else. Her house, her children, her husband, her person, the church itself, are all of minor importance to the heroes and heroines, the suitors and languishing lovers, of the oldest and the newest of the best written

novels. Thus what might have been one of the useful and agreeable amusements of life, has become an evil, and her husband and intimate friends deplore Bulwer and Cooper, and the whole host of such writers, as their evil genii.

Rufus — was a promising young mechanic, of industrious, temperate habits. He was fortunate enough to marry a young woman of good connexions and good character, who proved an economical and excellent wife. What was there to prevent him from “doing well in the world?” Why should he not thrive and prosper? In the neighborhood where he resided was a tavern, of a significant name—the “Eagle,” “Buzzard,” or something of that sort; connected with the bar-room was a convenient reading room, for the accommodation of those who read the papers, etc. After the labor of the day was over, Rufus went sometimes to *amuse* himself among some young men of his acquaintance who frequented this—this—*reading room*. We need not rehearse the sequel; the reader has guessed it all, and guessed right. Rufus has gone down to an untimely and

dishonored grave, leaving behind him a broken-hearted widow and two helpless orphans. We need not multiply examples to show the danger there is, not merely of falling into a passionate fondness for amusement, but also of choosing the wrong kind. While there are amusements of an innocent nature, those which serve as oases in the desert, or bright and sunny spots in the pilgrimage of toil, and care, and hardship, there are habits and pleasures, which have assumed the name of amusement, that stealthily but surely corrupt the soul, destroy the benevolent emotions of the human bosom, and wither and sunder the hallowed ties of domestic love. The discriminating line, then, is to be drawn between that species of recreation which is to the virtuous as agreeable resting-places and fountains of pleasure in the journey of life, and that amusement which degenerates into loathsome and vicious indolence.—The student who day and night incessantly applies his mental powers to the acquisition of knowledge, will soon find his physical energies waning and wasting away; disease and the

grave are awaiting their victim. The drudging vassal of the noisome mine, and he that is no less a slave to avarice, who dig, and toil, and strive, till exhausted nature cries out for mercy, need amusement ; they ought to have occasional and proper recreation from "the heat and burden of the day." But he who neglects the plain duties of life, who has become so in love with listless ease and sleepy or vicious indolence, as to forget the great command, "Work, while it is day," is breaking down the energies of his mind, and preparing his career of guilt, infamy and shame. He is like the man who, on finding an occasional bath congenial to health, determined to live in water the rest of his days ; or, like the mad visionary, who was so rejoiced at an entertainment of instrumental music, that he concluded he would do nothing all his days afterward but sit and fiddle.

Let our amusements, then, be of the right kind, and at the right time and place ; let them be as water-springs to the weary, thirsty traveller, admirably and wisely spread along the road, to

cheer and sustain him in his journey. Let us ever remember that relaxation is not the end and aim of our being ; that amusements are not the *business* of life, but simply the grateful stopping-places along the road of active, persevering diligence and industry, at which the wearied spirit may gain fresh vigor to pursue anew its journey and its toil.

NEW-YORK, August, 1844.

ODD FELLOWS.

FRIENDS, who, when all is sad and drear,

And not a glimmering ray

From the blue heavens the spirits cheer,

Chase quick away each anxious fear,

And by your smiles the darkness clear,

Turning e'en night to day :—

Who, round the widow's wakeful bed,

And orphan's couch of wo,

With footsteps light as angels' tread,

And hover round, where late the dead

From all they lov'd forever fled,

And *there* your gifts bestow :—

Oh! glorious type of heavenly love,

Whose words like dew distill'd,

The sweetest scenes of earth improve,

And scatter blessings as they rove,

An emblem of that heavenly Dove,

With whom all space is fill'd :—

God speed thee on, thou blessed band,

And thy bright circle prove

10*

A widening sphere, 'till sea and land,
Combin'd, united, fearless stand,
A phalanx beautiful and grand,
Of Friendship, Truth and Love.
Thy *deeds* a chaplet shall entwine
Immortal in its bloom ;
Thy generous acts on memories shrine,
Like stars that in the zenith shine,
Shall deck the wreath, and hands divine
Festoon it round thy tomb.

M. L. G.

SAO HARBOR, June 19, 1844.

The following highly complimentary lines to Miss MARY have been furnished by a lady whose poetical pieces are well known to Odd Fellows; poems from her pen have appeared in various Odd Fellows' publications. If Miss Mary's charms are really so enchanting (and who can doubt it?) as our fair correspondent describes them to be, they should not

"Blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."—ED.

LINES: TO MARY E. S.

'MONGST fairest flowers a contest once arose,
Which was most fair of every flower that blows.
Disorder spread the wide parterre around,
Blossoms and buds were scattered on the ground.
The rose, disdaining in the cause to speak,
Left the whole train, and bloom'd on MARY's cheek:
The lily, ever timidly inclined,
Secured a covert in her peaceful mind;
While modest violets and daisies sweet
Cluster'd in harmony beneath her feet:
The rest, abash'd, in wild confusion flew,
And o'er her head their fragrant perfume threw.
Yet not their sweets, when blended, could impart
Charms to compare with her pure, guileless heart.

Her rising blush eclips'd the rose's dye ;
Nothing in nature rival'd her soft eye ;
Where'er she mov'd a blissful influence spread ;
At her appearance all disorder fled ;
A dove-like innocence was in her smile,
Mirth in her laughter, without trace of guile :
Earth's choicest flowers nature, awed, withdrew,
And left her matchless graces full in view.

E. C. H.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1844.

ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WHEN did the Order commence? who was the originator of it? how long has it been known to the world? are questions frequently asked; and they have been, perhaps, as frequently answered. Some have based its claims to public favor on its great antiquity, and urged its value and excellence from the same cause. A correspondent of no inconsiderable talent, in the "London Odd Fellow's Journal," attempts to show that the Order originated in the palmy days of Titus Cæsar; and he asserts that this emperor granted the first dispensation, which was engraved on a superb plate of gold. No system or combination, in our humble view, is to be venerated merely on account of its antiquity. No device or compact is any better for having originated in the sunny days of Rome, or for having been blessed by the

Cæsars. There are modern discoveries and inventions which have reared the proud pedestal of immortal fame to their authors, although their eyes never have looked into St. Peter's, or the antique Vatican. The genius of Franklin and Fulton will be admired, and their works will follow them in the succession of passing generations, although they stood not at the door of Raphael, and never entered the palace of the Roman emperors.

It should be remembered that there are old errors as well as old truths ; and that there were ancient compacts, organized for evil, and cemented with blood ; and he who bows with implicit reverence at the shrine of any system because of its age, may pay his devotions in the temple of Diana, or lend his ear to the Delphic vagaries.— That marvellous, servile spirit which calls every thing good because of its antiquity, is to be deprecated. Sin is as ancient as “the first Adam ;” and some think that it commenced in heaven untold ages prior to man's creation ; but it is a cruel and a bitter curse, with its hoary locks and its great

antiquity. Our veneration should rather be exercised on things as they are, than for what they were in the distant generations of the past.—Whether Odd Fellowship was cradled in the Forum, or had its birthplace in an American manger, it must stand or fall, be commended or abandoned, according to its true character, without regard to its antiquity.

The origin of the Order may be viewed in two senses. First in its moral aspect, and second in its physical or natural character. When we say it recognises love to man, we declare its antiquity. Love built the universe; God is Love. Can you date the origin of this heavenly principle? can you tell when it *was not*? The garden of Eden, where the first pair partook the sweets of innocent and connubial bliss, was fitted up by Love. At that first wedding, where “angels were the witnesses and God the priest,” there was a feast of Love. The sun, that has been pouring its exhaustless flood of light and glory on the world ever since God spake it into existence, is the eye of Love. The green earth, with its countless

beauties, its mellow tints of gold, and its evening drapery, its sparkling fountains, its shades and groves, is the handwriting of Love. The bended bow in the heavens is the covenant of Love. The very thunders that shake the earth, and make the mountains tremble as did Horeb of old, are the voice of Love. The tears and bloody sweat of Christ are the dew-drops of Love. Our life, its joys and blessings, the sweet influences of hope, and all that makes this world bright and fair, and opens a vista to the next, are the beamings of *eternal Love*.

Our Order then in its moral features, in its principles, is more ancient than "the everlasting mountains and the perpetual hills." So with Truth : tell us not that Truth is as old as this earth ; you may compute the number of the stars or the sands on the sea shore, as well as number her years. She lived, and she lives forever, with God ! The principles that constitute the vitality of the Order, without which it would be but a lifeless corse, do not claim our reverence and admiration simply from their antiquity, but from their intrinsic and

eternal excellence. The tears which mingled in the streaming blood of Abel as the first mother hung over her beloved child, would soften the stony heart to pity if they had been shed but yesterday. We honor the love and compassion and forgiveness of Joseph, and we should do so, we should be touched with the sight, if we saw him weeping to-day on the necks of his brethren, instead of its having occurred thousands of years gone by. The conduct of the good Samaritan is no better for being old. It would fill our hearts with the love of the truly good and the sublime, and melt our eyes to tears, were it performed in "the Tombs." The love of Jonathan and David, it is true, has lost nothing by its venerable age, but it is not its age that makes it so worthy of our example and gives to it strength and constancy. It is of no importance then to know, or attempt to prove, that Odd Fellowship claims an ancient origin. We care not whether it begun with the creation, whether it stood by to alleviate the pains of the first human sufferer, or whether it be but an infant in years ; its principles, its essence, all that

give to it its excellence and its glory, are as old as the sun and moon. Is it asked, *when* did this Order commence? it is answered, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" when goodness found its shrine in the human breast; when benevolence beheld and pitied suffering man; when Truth and Friendship shed their balmy influence in the pathway of crushed and bruised humanity.

As to the *physical* aspect of this Institution, it is about twenty-five years old in this country; and so rapidly has it spread to the four corners of heaven, that almost every town and hamlet, from Maine to Texas, is clothed in regalia. There are green and sunny spots in the history of man around which we delight to linger; they throw a sun-light of glory over the future, and the past is beautified with their presence as the cloud by the rainbow, when the lightnings sleep and the storm is ended. We glow with enthusiasm at the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, who accomplished more by the power of their genius than could have been achieved by a thousand warriors

clad in bristling steel. We dwell with rapture on the fidelity of Cato and the integrity of Socrates ; and if we would point the patriot to an example of bravery and courage, we tell him to read the monument of Thermopylæ and think of Leonidas. We revere with a kind of awe our own Franklin and Washington ; one of whom dissected the lightning-shaft and brought the fearful bolt harmless to his feet ; and the other will live as " the father of his country," long as the sun endures. How is the heart touched and the soul melted, to behold a Howard turning aside from the outward beauties of grandeur and art, lingering in the damp cell of the criminal, solacing the guilty, suffering children of humanity with words of comfort and deeds of beneficence ! When we would wish to illustrate the truth that the law of kindness, the Christian principle, can subdue and conquer where *force* would be unavailing, we refer to William Penn, burying the tomahawk and disarming the scalping-knife, by the exercise of love and kindness. As much as we admire the heroism and philanthropy of these worthies, and however shi-

ning a meed of fame they may have deserved and gained, we cannot but regard the five master-builders of our temple with feelings of respect and gratitude. Behold them convened in council, on that eventful occasion: the shades of evening are gathered around them, the door is locked, the windows are secured from the gaze of the world; no eye sees them but His which never sleeps, none hears them but He who made the ear. Father Wildey has the floor, we may imagine, and he thus addresses the presiding officer: "Mr. Chairman; our meeting here to night has been called for no ordinary purposes; we have met, not to lay schemes for making money, not to concert plans to gain everlasting fame. Here no eye sees us but that of the Great Architect above, and however secret may be our motives and actions, they are known to Him. We are about to form a Social Compact for mutual relief; to benefit the sick, aid the widow, and protect the orphan. It will cost labor, perseverance and courage. Our designs will be suspected, misjudged, impugned. We shall meet with opposition, ridicule and con-

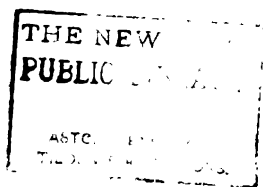
tempt. We shall be regarded as a gang of secret marauders bent on mischief, aiming to undermine the pillars of virtue, and trample in the dust the shattered palladium of principle and morality. But, sir, we shall prosper! our emblems shall hang in the four corners of this vast Republic, and Lodges shall spring up in every land like stars in the firmament. The sick man on his dying couch shall bless this Institution, and the widow's tears and the tender orphan's prayers shall hallow our sanctuary with the rising incense of gratitude and joy. Then, brethren, let us have a Lodge; and in honor of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," it shall be called WASHINGTON.

This is a very brief view of the origin of Odd Fellowship. The writer may be thought by some to be rather unique, perhaps eccentric, in these remarks; but he has no sympathy with that very common practice of recommending Odd Fellowship, because it may have originated in some ancient epoch of the world. The cynic may wrap himself up in the mantle of his own selfish-

ness, and regard all the rest of the world as beneath his notice or his love. The bigot may asperse all who dare oppose him, and he can date the origin of his system farther back than "Titus Cæsar" or the deluded Saracen.

What then makes our Order worthy of support and confidence? Not its antiquity, any more than its name, which is odd enough. Not its insignia, and "plume and banner," but its benevolence, employed in well-meant and well-directed efforts to serve humanity. Not its wealth nor its power; but its virtue, its conformity to the great and eternal principles of truth and righteousness, which alone can flourish and prosper when the elements of falsehood and wrong shall have crumbled into dust. As, in the mighty system of the universe, each part, however minute, operates in producing order and harmony, so let every member "act well his part," and our beloved compact will not need antiquity to adorn its altars with her legends and her oracles, but it will shine forth in its native and true lustre, the glory of the age and the blessing of the human race.

B. B. H.





THE OLD FELLOWS' CHURCH.

Designed for the Old Fellows' Offering.

THE OLD-FELLOW'S CHOICE.

"I am the world's hall of pride;
 Myself, myself, myself am gleaming,
 Myself, myself, myself, I place its mimic life,
 Myself, myself, myself, in dreaming—
 Myself, myself, myself, shed mellow light,
 Myself, myself, myself, perfume the night—
 Myself, myself, myself, the Pharisee's cup of woe,
 Myself, myself, myself, and outward show,
 Myself, myself, myself, of the brow and the brow of the brow,
 Myself, myself, myself, of deep stifled art—
 Myself, myself, myself, and false, and false,
 Myself, myself, myself, is king of all—
 Myself, myself, myself, a slave, is bought and sold,
 Myself, myself, myself, its threatened fall,
 Myself, myself, myself, I seek for a kindred soul,
 Myself, myself, myself, its trembling chords with noise,
 Myself, myself, myself, the warm blood's quickening
 Myself, myself, myself, at the call of dark Design;
 Myself, myself, myself, the eye that droops its gaze
 Myself, myself, myself, will fiercely blaze,
 Myself, myself, myself, should o'er a cloud o'ershade our path,
 Myself, myself, myself, and wake its carefully buried
 Myself, myself, myself, the cheek that is blanching— now,

In quick reply to the crimson brow,



THE ODD-FELLOW'S CHOICE.

Not in the lordly halls of pride,
Where brilliant gems are gleaming,
Where the fountain plashes its mimic tide,
And music lulls to dreaming—
Where golden lamps shed mellow light,
And song and dance profane the night—
Where all, like the Pharisee's cup of wo,
Is glitter, and glare, and outward show,
And the flush of the brow and the beat of the heart
Are the studied tricks of deep skilled art—
Where all is hollow, and false, and cold,
And Selfishness is king of all—
Where Love, like a slave, is bought and sold,
And Pride forgets its threatened fall,—
Not there would I seek for a kindred soul,
To weave its trembling chords with mine,
For I know the warm blood's quick'ning roll
Begins at the call of dark Design ;
I know the eye that droops its gaze
So modestly, will fiercely blaze,
Should e'er a cloud o'ershade our path,
And wake its carefully buried wrath ;
I know the cheek that is blushing now,
In quick reply to the crimson brow,

Would gleam with a tide no art could curb,
And the brow would burn more madly still,
Should the ills of changeful life disturb
The rolling current of wayward will.

To the humble home of the meek of heart,
Where Peace of mind and Truth abide,
Where Heaven and Love their joys impart,
My wandering feet would turn aside ;
There midnight finds no revel throng,
No tempting dance, no ill-timed song,
But Slumber waves his silent wing,
And angels dreams of gladness bring ;
Such dreams as sweeten the cup of wo,
And smooth the pilgrim's path below ;
There all is kind, and true, and warm,
And Pride from every thought is driven ;
They safely ride Life's sea of storm,
Till anchored in the port of Heaven.
There would I seek a heart to share
My varied scenes of good or ill,
Content earth's irksome toils to bear,
Submit to Fate's unchanging will ;
For I know the soul is good and kind,
That never at Fortune's frown repined ;
The heart that has kept itself from pride
May by every other sin be tried,
Yet pass as scathless as of yore
The three their seven-fold trial bore ;
For *Truth* in the humble home is found,
And smiling *Friendship* meets you there,
Love showers unnumbered blessings round,
And wreaths in flowers the thorns of care.

THE HUNTED DEER.

BY MISS HURLEY.

HAVE ye not mark'd how the startled deer
Comes from his covert when huntsmen are near,
Trembling and panting, his ears lifted high,
And timidly viewing the hounds standing by ?

He heeds neither briar, nor bramble, nor brook,
Is here and is gone, quick as thought or a look ;
The hounds in pursuit hardly measure his flight,
Swift as an arrow, he is lost to the sight.

He clears in an instant the river's wide stream,
As soon passed from view as a meteor's gleam ;
Exhausted, he pauses, to catch the fresh gale—
Is o'ertaken at last, when his energies fail.

Oh ! who would not grieve to be " in at the death,"
When, worn with fatigue, he thus yieldeth his breath ?
A creature so brilliant, so harmless, so free ;—
In valley or forest no rival has he.

The sport to the heartless a pleasure may yield,
But their victim when vanquish'd still keepeth the field;
He lives in remembrance.—Ah ! who can forget
His glorious career when the chasers were set ?

Those who will, may delight in the cry tally ho !
I ask not for pastime thus blended with wo :
The chase may be healthful to such as enjoy
The strength they may gather when life they destroy.

Let the deer grace the forest, with antlers so high,
And the fawn lightly bound, ere the dew drops are dry ;
O'er brook and o'er brake let their limbs lightly play,
Nor man find it needful to shorten their day.

NEW YORK, August 1st, 1844.

THE SCANDINAVIANS.

BY TAL. PRESTON SHAFFNER, ESQ.

THE history of the Scandinavians is veiled in clouded doubt and mystic oblivion; and to give a faithful or exact history of this wandering nation, is not possible. In the hope of being useful to my fellow patriarchs, I have drawn up a brief sketch of this people.

Jornandes—the writer of the abridged history of the Goths—also wrote a brief history of the Scandinavians. The writings of this antique historian are not within my reach; but from the facts which I have gathered, I am induced to believe with certainty that the people who inhabited Scandinavia migrated from that part of the world formerly known as Scythia—since as Russia, etc. The cause for their leaving their native land is not known, but it was probably

their wandering disposition. They wandered through the Suevian or Northern Germanian country; they then crossed the Mare Suevicum; or, more modernly speaking, the Baltic Sea, and then settled in that part now called Norway, Sweden, Finmark, and Lapland—and known on maps *Geographiæ Antiquæ* as SCANDINAVIA. It was formerly supposed that Scandinavia was an island; but it is now well known as a peninsula. According to the orthography of Vossius and Gronovius, it is written Scandinovia. Pytheas sometimes called it Basilea, and at other times Abalus. Xenophon Lampsacenus called it Baltia, and Pliny called it Scandinavia. The writers of the middle ages denominate it Sanzia, Scantia, and Scandia, which some derive from the German or Gothic word scanzen, signifying castles, alleging that the first inhabitants made castles of the steep rocks with which the country abounds; and hence, they say, came the word Scandinavia, denoting “a country filled with castles.” Others again write Scandinavia, Scanzia, etc., from the word sechanten, importing the

sea-coast or shore. The Greek word *Baltic* signifies the breaking in of the sea. Tacitus placed in Scandinavia two distinct nations, the Sittones, who inhabited the present Norway, and the Suiones, who inhabited the part now known as Sweden.

The religion of the Scandinavians was simple in the first ages, consisting of a few plain, easy doctrines, which were preserved in the North without any material alteration. In the process of time their religion was materially changed, and was corrupted by an intermixture of ceremonies, some of which were exceedingly cruel, and others ridiculous. Their ancient religion taught the being of a supreme God—to whom all were submissive and obedient. From this one supreme God were sprung, as it were emanations of his divinity, an infinite number of other subaltern deities and genii, of which every part of the world was the seat and the temple. Each element was under the direction and guidance of some being peculiar to it. The earth, the water, fire, air, sun, moon, stars, had

each their respective divinity. The trees, forests, rivers, mountains, rocks, winds, thunder, and tempests, had the same, all of which merited and received religious worship. And cruel tortures were reserved for such as despised the fundamental precepts of morality, and joys without number and without end awaited every religious, just, and valiant man. They eventually selected such gods as were most dear to them, and abandoned the rest. Accordingly, the one which was most dear to them was the god of war—the idea of whom comprehended all existence. This was the character of a celebrated warrior among them, at one day, named Odin; and the principal deity after him was Frigga, or Frea, his wife, denoting the earth. She is supposed to have been the same with the Venus of the Greeks and Romans; and the sixth day of the week, which was consecrated to her under the name of Freytag, Friday, or Frea's day, was rendered into Latin *Dies Venius*, or Venus' day. The third principal deity was Thor, whose authority extended over the winds and seasons, and particularly over

thunder and lightning. Cæsar mentions such a deity under the name of Jupiter. He is supposed to have sprung from the union of Odin, or the Supreme Being, and the earth. The court or supreme council of the gods was formed of these three deities, and the Scandinavians regarded them as the principal objects of their veneration and worship. They worshipped Odin particularly as the principal god, the cause of which was that it might imbibe into the dispositions of the juniors a disregard for danger. In early times they assembled in groves; but, after forming a connection with other nations of Europe, they erected temples, and the three principal nations of Scandinavia, viz: Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, vied with each other in erecting temples; but the most famous was that of Upsal, in Sweden, which glittered with gold. A chain of the same metal ran round the roof, although the circumference was not less than nine hundred ells. Iceland had its temples, altars, and idols. Hacon, Earl of Norway, built one near Drouthlim, not much inferior to the one at Upsal. The great temple

of Upsal was particularly consecrated to the three superior deities, each of whom was characterized by some peculiar symbol. They had three great festivals every year, which were celebrated in honor of their gods ; and on these occasions, feasting, sacrifices, dances, nocturnal assemblies, and all the demonstrations of a most dissolute joy, were authorized by general usage. In early ages the offerings were simple, but in the course of time they proceeded to shed the blood of men ; nor was this barbarous practice abolished until about the ninth century ; because, before that time, they had not received the light of the gospel, and they were entirely ignorant of those arts which had softened the ferocity of the Romans and Greeks. The most solemn sacrifices were those which were offered at Upsal, in Sweden, every ninth year. On these occasions, strangers from a great distance flocked there, to behold and participate in the ceremonies. The king, senate, and citizens in general attended, with their offerings. None in fact were excluded but those whose honor had been stained. On these occa-

sions nine human beings were selected:—the victims were led towards the altar, where the sacred fire was kept burning night and day; they were laid at the foot of the altar, on a large stone, and instantly strangled or knocked on the head. The bodies were then opened by the priests, who read in the entrails, and especially in the heart, the will of the gods. The bodies were then burnt, or suspended in an adjacent grove. A part of the blood was then sprinkled upon the people, and with a part they bedewed the images of the gods, the altars, and the temple.

There can be no doubt but vassalage and the feudal tenures had taken great footing among the Scandinavians before they left their native forests; though they did not give their lands in fee, for their fees, or fiefs, were then nothing but arms, war-horses and banquets. Their disposition was for war and for continual conquests. As freemen they would only obey when the occasion required it. They inhabited an uncultivated country, wide forests and mountains; and their sole treasure was liberty. They delighted in

hunting and rambling. They esteemed beyond all things the glory of despising death—of revenging an affront—of perishing sword in hand—and of battling against tyranny. Their penalty for the violation of any law, was of a pecuniary character, and quite mild. Tradition, custom, maxims learned by art, and above all, simplicity of manners, served this nation in the first ages instead of laws. They had maxims which were handed down through their sages from the gods themselves, as they supposed. Their laws resembled much those of the Angles and Jutes, who shared with the Saxons in the honor of being conquerors of Great Britain.

Their education, laws, morality, and religion, all concurred to make war their most constant thought and ruling passion. They taught the youth the military art as known by them; they hardened their bodies, and accustomed themselves to cold, fatigue, and hunger. The sports of childhood itself and early youth were directed all toward this end, and dangers were intermixed with their play; such as taking frightful

leaps—in climbing up the steepest rocks—in fighting naked with dangerous weapons, etc. etc.,—so that their young men were braves at the age of fifteen, and were presented with a sword, buckler, and a lance, in a public meeting, and exhorted how to enter upon man's dignities. And in proportion to their courage, they were favored by the women. The children were generally born in the midst of camps and arms. From the moment of opening their eyes, they saw nothing but arms, effusion of blood, and combats, and they thus imbibed the nature for war and conquest. If in a battle any one was wounded, his honor was forever stained. They buried their chieftains or heroes under little hills, which they raised in the middle of some plain, and then named the plain after the hero. In conclusion, these wandering people migrated to other parts,—some to Suevia, Germania, Gallia, Hispania, Britannia, Hibernia, Finningia, etc.; so that they were scattered over the world,—though the major part went across the Oceanus Germanicus with the Saxons.

I have now given a brief history of these wandering people ; and though I have not given many particulars, yet I hope this will in a measure be of use to that part of the Order to which I particularly dedicate this article.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., September 13, 1844.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

To the memory of a young Christian.

BY MRS. MARY E. MAYO.

FAREWELL to thee, my brother ; thou art gone to be at rest ;
The master's summons calleth thee to the mansions of
the blest,

To join with the redeemed ones, and with them ever
stand

In spotless robes around His throne, a radiant, holy
band !

Farewell to thee, my brother ; the cross thou hast laid
down,

To bear the palm in glory and to wear the victor's
crown,

In that land of peace and gladness, a joyful, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

Farewell to thee, my brother ; for the voice divine hath
spoken ;

The seal of death is on thee now, the golden bowl is
broken ;

We give thee back to dust again—the mortal to the sod—
While we trace thy deathless spirit up its shining path
to God.

We will not mourn thee, brother, though thy sun hath
early set;

But thy generous heart, thy manly worth, we never can
forget;

Although we never more on earth may look upon thy
brow,

Thou wast dear to us while living, and we love thy me-
mory now.

And we'll think of thee, my brother, as still we journey
on,

And hope to strike glad hands with thee, when our pil-
grimage is done,

Where care can never enter, nor sorrow rend the breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

NEW YORK, September 17, 1844.

ACROSTIC.

A Testimonial of Regard, inscribed to an Odd Fellow's Lady.

BY NATHAN L. FOSTER, ESQ.

FULL oft the Muse will task her happiest powers,
Rich offerings to present—at woman's call ;
And oft, though lingering long in Fancy's bowers,
No offering brings, from Learning's sapient hall.

Could, with my wish, my genius coincide,
Each line should sparkle with poetic fire ;
Sweetly along the lyre would music glide,—
Music, which might the holiest thoughts inspire.

A moral theme is what *my Muse* approves ;—
Light, trifling, senseless thoughts can never yield
Instruction to the *immortal Mind*,—which loves
No thoughts, but those designed for Virtue's shield.

Earth's pictured visions, bright with promised bliss,
Too often lead astray the female heart ;—
Those pictured visions, in a world like this,
Elude the grasp, or point a venom'd dart !

Peace is destroyed, where Virtue, ruined, lies
A victim to base flattery's treacherous breath ;
Religion mourns o'er Virtue's sacrifice—
Mild Mercy weeps, in vain, o'er Virtue's death !

Enlist thy powers, then, in Religion's cause,—
Lean not on earth,—but fix thy heart above ;—
Earth's joys are transient,—but the *Saviour's* laws
Eternal bliss insure, in yonder world of Love.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1844.

"THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION OF NATURE."

BY P. G. BENSON J. LOSSING.

RELIGION—what is it? The plain lexicographer replies, "it is a system of worship." The scholiast answers, "it is that obligation which we feel in our minds, from the relation in which we stand to some superior power." The term is derived, according to Cicero, from *religere*, "to reconsider," *id est*, to diligently study what appertains to our duty to God. According to others, it is derived from *religare*, "to bind fast," the bond which unites the moral and intellectual universe to its Creator.

And Nature—what is it? The lexicographer answers, "the system of the world, or the assemblage of all created beings." And the scholiast responds, "Nature is the great creative instru-

ment of Deity—God's vicegerent, having time and space perpetually at its disposal. It

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

* * * * *

"This great-grand-mother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, but full of eld,
Still moving, yet unmoved from her sted,
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,
Thus sitting on her throne vice-regal," etc.,

is perpetually carrying on the great work of creation, under the direction of the omnipotent power and omniscient wisdom of the great Supreme.

These definitions seem plain enough, and yet there is a mist of ambiguity enshrouding them, and we cannot clearly perceive the true character of Religion or of Nature. We will venture to suggest to the inquiring mind, perplexed to know how to delineate the features of Religion, a term comprehensive, expressive and just. Call it LOVE, defined in its comprehensive character as the great law of sympathy, an intense and unsleeping solicitude for universal well-being; the bond of in-

separable unity between the great Supreme and Nature—Nature, the *tout ensemble* of creation, physical and moral. Love and Beauty, or Perfection, the Good and True united, are the progenitors of Harmony, whose melodious voice is heard amid the wheeling orbs of space—the thunder's intonations—the roar of the booming tempest—the ever-sounding organ of old ocean—the murmuring of the brook—the hum of insects, or the soft, low whisper of the evening wind. Upon every created thing, from the infusoria of the water-drop to the ponderous planets, the signet of Love is deeply impressed; and Harmony, its beauteous child, is perpetually chanting a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the God and Father of all.

“The universal religion of Nature” is Love, manifested in the physical creation, by adaptations of powers and properties conducive to good; and in the moral universe, by similar adaptations, expressed in the exercise of benevolence, kindness, and a pure desire for the unalloyed happiness of all creatures.

To the man whose mind is enlightened by the beams of those luminaries which form the galaxy of the physical sciences, that glorious visible trinity, Beauty, Love and Harmony, the excellent of God, is manifest on every side. To his ear, attuned in unison with the vibrations of the chord of universal benevolence, the placid surface of the quiet lake, or the crested billows of old ocean, the "glorious mirror of the Almighty's form;" the tender petal of the flower, or the towering branches of the oak or the sycamore; the green, flower-crowned hillocks of the mead, or the rough turrets of the mountains; the dew drop in the corolla of the violet, or the clouds, the cherubim on whose wings rideth the Omnipotent; the soft music of birds, or the startling tramp of the thunder; the pale light of Hesperus, or the brightness of the noon-tide beams; each forms a part in the grand mechanism of that mighty organ whose full diapason is perpetually chanting a "*Te Deum laudamus*" to Love, the bright and beautiful impersonation of the Great Ruler. To his eye the blasted herbage, the storm-felled forest, the arid

desert, the flood-devastated valley, the throes of the volcano, the upheavings of the earthquake, seem like salutary contrasts, intended by the Creator to enhance thereby the value of the thousand beauties and blessings which cluster around him; and the whole round world seems radiant with sunlight, and fragrant with the perfume of flowers. To his eye, *Love* is as legibly written by the red lightning upon the scroll of the gathering storm-cloud, as it is by the hues of the resplendent "bow of promise" that spans the dark curtain of the receding tempest; and to his ear its voice is no less audible in the movements of the spheres, than it is in the voice of his fellow man proclaiming aloud its goodness.

In the various adaptations of the physical creation, designed for universal good, there is a tangible, all-pervading Love. The planets wheel in orbits, exactly correlative to the wants of organized life, upon their various surfaces; and the great law of gravitation is as much subservient to the wants of the smallest flower, as it is in binding together the ponderous globe, rolling in

space. The reciprocal dependence of plants and animals in the use of the atmosphere ; the nice adjustment of the sensual organs of animals to the capacity of instinct, which guides them in the procurement of supplies demanded by the necessities of their respective existences ; the harmonious action of light and heat in developing the *utile et dulce* in the vegetable kingdom ; in a word, the reciprocal claims of every atom of matter upon its fellow atom, for power to perform its proper functions, and the manner in which these claims are acknowledged and acted upon throughout the whole universe of God, harmoniously working for general good, form a mighty and eloquent priesthood, whose doctrine is universal Love, and before whose creed the jarring sectaries of a narrow and cold theology, whose chilling influence is felt throughout the whole social compact of earth, fade away like stars of early morning before the brighter radiance of the source of light.

Among the myriad manifestations of Love in the arrangements of Providence, how impressive

is the lesson taught us at the twilight hour ! How tangible is Love in this one link of universal adaptations ! Were the reflective and refractive powers of the atmosphere destroyed, there would be no twilight, and the instant the sun should sink below the horizon, all creatures would be enveloped in intense darkness. The ploughman would be caught in the furrow, the mechanic in his workshop, the merchant at his desk, the cattle in the stream, the bird upon the wing, and confusion and danger and a thousand inconveniences would gather on every side. But now, daylight lingers long, and man, beast, bird and flower, have a gentle warning of the approach of night, and may prepare for the blessings of repose.

Who that hath watched the stealthy approach of twilight, gathering the folds of night around village and hamlet, mountain and valley, and spreading its sombre mantle upon the bright bosom of the lake, the river, and the streamlet ; or has cast his eye upward, and beheld the glories of the starry heavens gradually unfolding in beauty

and majesty, and watched the apparition of those bright orbs one by one, as if the finger of an unseen jeweller were busy in decorating the firmament with brilliant gems, and mused in philosophic thought upon the cause and the intent of all this transformation, has not felt the spirit of devotion stirring within him, and the gentle cord of "the universal religion of Nature" drawing him insensibly upward to the pavilion of the Almighty?

Having briefly glanced at the manifestations of Love in the physical creation, let us turn to its more generally understood and appreciated developments in the moral world. Its beauties and perfections are there tangible to every eye, and its light is seen, felt and worshipped, even in the gloomy abodes of ignorance and vice.

In all ages of the world, worshippers at the shrine of universal Love have stood up like stately cedars amid the barren rocks of the world's selfishness, and never, since the advent of our race, has the earth lacked a priesthood to minister at the altar of the "universal religion of Nature."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," was a glorious recognition of this doctrine by the early Hebrews ; and a long line of prophets, by precept and practice, proclaimed the reconciliation of man with his Maker, through the instrumentality of Love. And when, "in the fulness of time," the day star of Righteousness arose, and angels proclaimed to watching shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and Jesus, the Incarnation of Divine Love, "spake as man never spake," and said, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," then it was that the doctrines of this holy religion first became fully manifest to the world. Armed with its mighty power—a power which lays hold of the best affections of the human heart—Christianity, the universal religion of Nature, the "Good Will to men," stepped forth from its cradle, fully panoplied for the great moral battle-field. "The power, the prejudices, the superstitions of the earth, were all in arms against it: it had no temporal sword or sceptre; its founder was poor—its apostles were lowly fishermen—its in-

spired writers lowly and uneducated — its cradle was a manger—its home a dungeon—its earthly diadem a crown of thorns! And yet, forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit; and the idols of the heathen fell; and the thrones of the mighty trembled; and Paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down and worship the unarmed conqueror.”* This Love of the race, this “good will to men,” this “universal religion of Nature,” is the broad foundation upon which is based every principle of human advancement. It is, under God, the progenitor of every social good, and in every age it has begotten reformers, great and small, and sent laborers into the moral fallow grounds, to furrow and sow, and to reap abundant harvests, even where the thorns and thistles of vice and ignorance seemed to bid defiance to the skill of man.

It impelled Noah to sound the voice of warning and earnest entreaty in the ears of the antediluvians—it impelled Moses to sacrifice the pleasures of a splendid court, the honors of a princely

* Charles Phillips.

inheritor, all that dazzles and charms the human mind, upon the altar of Love for his down-trodden people, and with singular courage and self-sacrificing philanthropy, to lead them through the Sundered waters, and into the dreadful wildernesses of Arabia; and to die upon the mountain-top and be buried in the solitary vale, rather than see his brethren toiling and starving while he revelled in luxury, and might die upon the down of the cynnet of the Ganges, and the lofty pyramid be made his tomb. It impelled the prophets to make their weary journeys from town to town, from country to country, to spread the light of goodness and love to each other, and every principle of right and justice, far and wide—to redeem man from the primeval curse—to induce him to render unto God his rightful service, and to “love his neighbor as himself.” It impelled Jesus, in the garb of his incarnation, to traverse with weary limbs the mountains and plains of Judea in doing good; in summer’s heat and winter’s cold—amid the revilings of enemies, the treason of friends—in the magnificent temple, or the fisher-

man's hut—at the grave of a Lazarus, or at the tribunal of a Caiaphas or a Pilate, he was always “about his Father's business ;” and to the sacrifice of every personal comfort, and even of life, he pressed forward, by example and precept, in glorious illustrations of the beauty, power and true benevolence of that Golden Rule which he had promulged to the world. It impelled Paul and other apostles to leave home, country, friends, all that renders life lovely, and amid perils by land and sea, amid scoffings, revilings, stripes and even death, to sound its glorious precepts along the valley of the Nile—throughout Palestine—amid the rugged mountains and rose-gardens of Persia—the burning plains of India—the islands of the Mediterranean—the imperial city of Rome, and even to the British Isles. In all ages it has impelled men to dig deep into the bowels of the earth—to soar high amid the stars—to pry into every secret of Nature—in search of some new aid in improving their fellow men.

It impelled a Leonidas to the pass of Thermopylæ. It impelled the arm of Brutus, in giv-

ing the blow to Cæsar. It impelled Tell of Switzerland, Kosciusko of Poland, Bozarris of Greece, Gustavus of Sweden, Lafayette of France, Cromwell of Britain, and Washington and his compeers of America, to those deeds of martial valor and civil wisdom which claim and receive the homage of the world.

And a due appreciation and correct exercise of this holy religion has now begun to deck the earth in moral beauty, such as it has never known since the dawn of creation, when the "morning stars sang together," and the Creator pronounced his work "good, very good." It has stamped its glorious impress upon the spirit of the age—a spirit of universal Benevolence.

And what are its fruits? Associated efforts for the augmentation of human happiness. Missionaries, imbued with the spirit of this religion, are speeding on zealous wings

"To Greenland's icy mountains,
To India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;

To islands of the ocean,
To forest, mountain, plain,
They haste with warm devotion,
To sever error's chain,"—

and upon every returning breeze is borne the hymns of regenerated, enlightened, civilized, and Christianized brethren, whose hearts have been taught to love man, and whose lips have been unsealed by the spirit of true wisdom to praise God as they ought.

Associations for the general diffusion of knowledge among all classes,—Sabbath and daily schools for the moral and intellectual training of the young—societies for extending the blessings of science and art—for advancing the elevating and civilizing pursuits of commerce—for the relief of the poor and afflicted—to teach the *blind* to read—the *dumb* to converse—to lead dethroned reason back to its rightful seat—to reform the inebriate and make desolate homes to bud and blossom as the rose—to furnish a “snug harbor” for the worn out hulk of the mariner—to pour the oil of consolation into the wounded heart

of the widow—to give parents to orphans—to reclaim the vile and rear asyla for the destitute—in a word, everything that a spirit of true benevolence can conceive, has sprung up under the hallowed influence of this blessed religion, upon individuals and society; and among them all, none stand out more prominent and beautiful than our beloved ORDER. It is a plant of the garden of Eden, that has from age to age, and in all lands, been cherished by the wise and good—watered with the grateful tears of widows and orphans, and warmed by the sunny smiles of approving Heaven.

Hope—Faith in human progress, has borne me to the summit of a Pisgah, whence I obtain glimpses of the “Promised Land.” To me the present seems parturient with great and good events; it appears like the dawn of a moral millennium upon the earth. The future looks bright and glorious. The storm seems to be nearly spent, and upon the pall of the receding tempest, this Hope and this Faith, in beautiful reflections, have painted to my eye a resplendent “bow of

promise" that henceforth "Peace on Earth and Good Will to men" shall prevail; and looking down the vista of the future, I see all nations bound into one vast republic, one glorious, peaceful brotherhood, by the brilliant links of our Order, Friendship, Truth and Love; and over earth's happy millions I see waving a pure white banner, on which is inscribed in letters of light, the creed of the universal religion of Nature, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

NEW YORK, September 18, 1844.

THE OCEAN.

BY WHITBY EMERSON MOORE.

HAIL ! Ocean, hail !

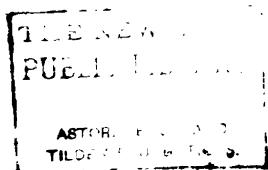
My slumbering lyre awakes, and in thy
Deep-toned gush of harmony finds inspiration.
As I gaze upon thy wild, terrific billows,
Bursting in foaming splendor o'er thy dark
Subaqueous regions, I am lost in contemplation
Of that Power supreme, whose mighty arm
Holds thee subservient to his sovereign will.

Thou art the giant conqueror
Of Time's dark centuries ; changeless as in that
Great, eventful day, when thou wert summoned
From chaotic night, to spread thine amber
Floods to the admiring gaze of heaven's hosts,
Whose golden harps were tuned in praise
Of thy great and glorious Creator.
In that great day, ere the wild elements were freed,
Thy billows slept. A deep, unbroken silence
Hung upon the world, and o'er thy broad, unruffled
14*

Bosom, angel voices sang creation's birth.
Since that eventful period when the voice
Of God moved thy unfathomed depths, and bade thee
Rest no more, thy course hath been the same.—
Though the destroying angel hath lain waste
Whole peopled realms, and crumbled cities
Into dust; though empires have trembled to their
Centre by volcanic thunders—angels been hurled
From the abodes of bliss—the burning sun from
His bright orbit struck, leaving creation
Veiled in darkness, while the last agonies
Of a dying Deity pierced earth and heaven;
Thy course was still the same as when the great
I AM spake thee from chaos.

Roll on, illimitable sea! In thy deep
Caverns millions repose, whose only epitaph
Is thy loud crash of waters. Ages lie
Slumbering on thy boundless waste; and ages
Yet unborn shall pass thee o'er, nor leave one trace
Upon thy rugged brow! * * * *

SOUTH AMERICA,
March, 1844.





ADVENTURE IN THE BEECH WOODS.

Engraved for the Odd Fellows' Offering.



AN ADVENTURE IN THE BEECH
WOODS.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

I HAD been travelling nearly a whole day, over the roughest of all *passable* roads, in that roughest of all possible places, the Beech Woods. My poor horse was well-nigh exhausted ; and no less from pity for him than a desire for rest myself, I longed most anxiously for a stopping-place ; especially as night had closed in upon me, and brought with it a dense and apparently impenetrable fog, which chilled my limbs, and cast a gloom over me so intense and disagreeable that a feeling of awè—(not one of *fear*, dear reader)—crept over and completely disheartened me.

It was as dark and cheerless a road as the most romantic in search of adventure could wish to

find. The rain, which had fallen in torrents during the day, had rendered the turnpike (!) a perfect mud-pond, on either side of which was a dense, frowning forest, (if indeed brush and leaf, briar and rock, relieved by an occasional tree, which looked so lonely and demure that it seemed ashamed of the company it was keeping, may be called by that name,) which appeared to be impervious and everlasting. The very heavens themselves, as they were seen above the fog, were scowling and angry; and the clouds impetuously rushed athwart the gloom, with a fury that reminded one of that day, when, as poets and divines tell us, the universe shall be rent in pieces and destroyed.

Feeling the importance of reaching a place of shelter as quickly as possible, I urged on my jaded beast; but an hour passed and found me still in the road—still surrounded by those eternal woods, that dense fog, and those murky clouds, from which the rain had for some time descended in torrents. The scene had become so full of gloom, that my imagination began to devise a

thousand fearful calamities, which might overtake me ere I escaped from this frightful place. My mind reverted also to those far away; those whom I had left behind,—dear and kind friends, in whose society all was sunshine, and happiness, and joy; and I regretted, for the moment, that I had left *them* to travel through these wretched woods, that seemed to be full of the blackness of darkness.

In the midst of my revery, when, however, I had concluded to endure my trouble with philosophical fortitude, my horse made a quick spring, as though something had impeded his progress, and presently stopped. I bade him go on, and felt him make an effort to obey; but he evidently could not proceed. Determined to impel him onward, if possible, I snapped the whip near his head: the next moment I was astounded to hear the voice of a man, whom I had undoubtedly struck with the lash. My apprehensions were now realized; some one, perhaps a highwayman, surrounded by a score of accomplices, had actually attacked me in this horrible forest, and I

should be robbed, and probably murdered, before I could make an alarm or procure assistance!— I had, however, no time to consider what was to be done; but resolving to extricate myself at any hazard, I drew my pistol, and shouted furiously to my assailant to give way and suffer me to pass.

“Villain!” I cried, “let my horse go, or I will blow out your brains!”

“I beg your pardon, traveller, I sincerely beg your pardon,” responded the man, in the coolest tone imaginable: “if you *do* fire, you may shoot a friend who is deeply interested in your welfare. I have saved you; though, on my word, I could hardly reconcile myself to the undertaking; for, to say truth, you are an audacious rascal, and don’t deserve to escape. However, I owe my own escape to your exertions, and I must not prove ungrateful—for there is honor among gentlemen-rogues: the man who abandons his friend is no better than the scoundrel who *peesches*,—he is no gentleman, and ought not to be countenanced.”

"Well, what in heaven's name is all this to me!" I indignantly exclaimed. "Who are you, sir, and how dare you take this liberty with a traveller?"

"I am Hank Jeffery, with whom you escaped from —— jail three nights ago," replied the stranger, promptly; "and you *ought* to know me, any how; but it's the way with 'em all! let a genteel rogue, who does business in a large way, think he has no need of our services to help him out of a scrape, and we are treated as cavalierly as though we were members of that contemptible class who are never locked up for a longer time than three months! To be an aristocratic rascal now-a-days, one must do something worthy of the gallows! But I have started to save you, and I am resolved to effect my object. Know then that the sheriff is this moment at the tavern, half a mile hence, awaiting you: he has ascertained that you are to pass this way to-night. It's no use to attempt to escape him, my good friend; he has set his trap well: you must either fly or be arrested. So do now as you choose. I

have warned you, and cleared my conscience ; if you refuse my warning, the result will convince you of your error."

The reader may easily imagine my surprise at this strange encounter. I can assure him, however, that I felt not very highly complimented - by the mistake of my kind friend ; though it was somewhat consoling to reflect that he had not seen me ; as, consequently, I apprehended no danger from any resemblance I might otherwise suppose I bore to the jail breaker. Yet, though I was placed in a situation exceedingly unpleasant, and was desirous of escaping from it as soon as possible, I felt not a little amused by the ridiculous error of my would-be deliverer ; and, with a species of recklessness which I can scarcely explain, I said fiercely, that the sheriff might go to the devil, and that I should pass on, come what would.

"Ho ! ho ! then I am not deceived !" shouted my assailant ; "you are the villain I seek, if I may judge from your own indirect confession, and I have you at last."

And in an instant, before I could think of a reply, he let go the rein and sprung toward me. A strange turn the joke had taken! My facetious friend, then, was no highwayman after all, but the sheriff himself, who had adopted this *ruse* to capture a felon, recently escaped from jail!

I began now to feel the importance of extricating myself from this most singular dilemma; for the man had actually leaped into the wagon, and, having grasped my arm and jerked the reins from my hand, was in the act of urging my horse forward. I at first resolved to resist; but a moment's reflection showed me that the mistake of my assailant would soon appear: and in fact I was rather amused with the good sheriff, and felt not unwilling to accompany him to a place of shelter from the storm—for by this time the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the rain was little less than a deluge. I therefore passively submitted, and coolly remarked,

“My dear sir, you will find that you are a great blunderer. You may see your folly too late to atone for it.”

"Ah! it's no use, my boy—no use!" cried the sheriff; "you can't deceive us now: you will find this *sang froid*, as the French say, 'no go;' and your remonstrances will prove as ineffectual as your wits. We shall take good care that you do not escape us again. Cunning as you are, we shall, I think, outwit you for once."

"But supposing you *should* be in error," said I, laughing; "it might place you in a very unpleasant predicament. If you arrest people in this hap-hazard manner, without even seeing who they are, no traveller is safe in these miserable woods; but every one who passes the road is in danger of false imprisonment."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the sheriff; "'thou reasonest well,' but not successfully. It's a good joke, too, that the rights of travellers hereabout are jeopardised—a capital joke! But you know very well—for you're no fool, though a consummate rogue—that few honest men travel such a road as this. And you are here at night, too! and in a storm! Why, the circumstances are all against you; I ask no better witnesses."

I had no time to reply to this very confident speech ; for it was scarcely concluded, when a vivid flash of lightning illumed the dark forest, and gave the speaker a clear and distinct view of my features and person. The quickly following thunder-clap was not more sudden than the man's exclamation of astonishment. He dropped the reins in an instant, rose from the seat, and exclaimed, in a tone singularly different from those he had assumed in his characters of highwayman and sheriff,

“ Good God ! you are *not* the man I seek !— What in the name of Heaven are you doing here in such a night as this ? ”

“ I am here as an American and a citizen of an adjoining State ! ” I exclaimed, fiercely, grasping the reins and snapping my whip ; “ and I shall punish you as you deserve for this outrageous assault. ”

“ Nay, listen a moment, my dear sir, ” replied the sheriff, in an imploring tone ; “ on my word, this is all a mistake. I can explain it in few words. ”

"Ah! it's no use, my boy—no use!" said I, repeating, ironically, the words he had used in reply to my own remark a few moments before, "you can't deceive me; you will find this *sang froid* 'no go;' for, cunning as you are, I shall, I think, outwit you this time."

"I have done wrong; I admit it; you have good cause to be offended with me;" said the stranger, beseechingly; "hear me: you have it in your power to make a laughing-stock of me, which I dread more than chains or dungeon.—Save me from this calamity, and any reasonable compensation you demand shall be made. This whole affair is a joke, and the attack on you was intended for another. I am no sheriff, however——"

"You are not the sheriff!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "who in the fiend's name are you, then, and how many different characters do you intend to assume?"

"I pledge you my honor, I will not deceive you now," he replied; "if you will hear my story, I will be honest and candid with you."

“Well, well, I suppose I must hear you,” said I; “though I promise not to believe your story: I consider you a very suspicious personage.”

“I hope you will think better of me, sir,” replied the man; “but listen. You will no doubt be amused with what I have to tell; but for my own part, I am provoked and disappointed past all endurance. The explanation of my conduct to-night is simply as follows:—We have in our town, in the woods here, a young gentleman, who is one of the merriest and best-natured fellows alive. As he is always cracking his jokes on others, the compliment is sometimes returned. He went yesterday to Honesdale, and is expected to return this evening. It was agreed among some of the young people that he should be interrupted in his journey; and for the sake of a good joke, I volunteered to take the risk upon myself,—and dearly I have paid for it. I set out on this errand an hour ago, and had waited in the rain until you approached. But I declare to you that I had not the remotest idea of encountering a stranger; for very few travel here, even in the

day-time. You are aware that the darkness prevented my seeing you ; and your voice is so like my friend's that I was completely deceived. I have now told you the truth. Will you forgive the injury I have done you ?"

I was silent for some moments, though I could scarcely restrain a laugh at the awkward situation of my companion. At length, however, I said,

" You must be remarkably fond of a joke, to expose yourself in such a storm as this for the sake of one. But will your friend come to-night ?"

" I have no doubt of his coming," replied the man ; " he cannot be absent from his Lodge, which meets this evening."

" His Lodge !" I exclaimed ; " what Lodge ?"

" Why, the Odd Fellows', to be sure ; did you never hear of this highly-respectable class of people ? They are popular enough here in the woods."

" Are you an Odd Fellow ?" I asked, after a pause of some moments.

" I am."

"Then give me your hand," said I; "we have met under strange circumstances; but they will help us to remember one another. I am also an Odd Fellow; my name is ——; but I was not aware there was a Lodge so near."

The stranger grasped my proffered hand with a warmth that showed how gladly he received this information, and burst into a hearty laugh, that made the woods ring with cheer.

"I am sorry only for one thing," said he; "it is that I have given you a moment's pain.—But I hope you will keep this strange adventure secret."

"O! never fear," said I; "if I relate it to any one, I shall reveal no name but my own."

"You're a capital fellow," responded my jovial friend, "and can take a joke with a good grace. But here we are at the tavern. Now, for Heaven's sake don't contradict what I shall say."

As he spoke, we drew up at the door, and alighted. We had scarcely entered before he was surrounded by a dozen companions, who were eager to hear the result of his expedi-

tion ; but to their great disappointment, he turned toward me, saying that I was an old friend of his, whom he had met on the road ; "and," he concluded, "as I had not seen him for many years, I abandoned my designs on Jake, and returned with him."

"Then we are cheated out of our laugh, after all," said one of the company ; "for as Jake is here, having returned by the lower road, we were expecting to make ourselves merry with *your* disappointment !"

My new friend again turned to me, and with a look of pleasure that I shall never forget, burst into an indescribable laugh, in which all joined with hearty good-will.

I soon became acquainted in the little village ; and having passed a very agreeable day among the good people, I resumed my journey towards Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1844.

A F R A G M E N T .

BY REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

THE *unity* of the human race is a matter of vast practical importance. Fourier expresses the idea by the term "solidarity," and "Holy Writ" puts it forth in language like the following: "We are members one of another;" and so intimate is the relation, that when "one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." But however the sentiment may be expressed, it is unquestionably a law of our being that we shall have an interest in the virtue or vice, the weal or wo, of all around us. Man is our brother—nay, more than brother. He is our other self. A common life animates the whole body—a drop of blood from the same great heart, etc. runs in the veins of all that live, and the pulse

will beat fitfully and feverishly if that blood be obstructed in the remotest limb. An invisible tie unites us all, so that the sufferings and joys of our fellows become in a measure our own. Our neighbor's misfortunes are our misfortunes—"his crimes are our diseases," his virtues our health, and all his sorrows are the aches and pains that shoot through the system and make life a feverish dream, and his happiness is the healthful glow that lights up our countenances, and makes life cheerful and serene.

A prominent error in society, as it is constituted, may be found in the fact that it disregards this fundamental law of man's nature. It makes each individual an isolated fragment, cut off from the body to which he belongs, or rather belonging to no common body, but with all his interests containing in himself alone, and clashing with those of others by a necessary and eternal law. Hence that endless antagonism which marks all the intercourse of the world ; and hence the strife, contention and bloodshed that so dreadfully mar the beause and disturb the harmony of all human

society. It is the business of Odd Fellowship to gather up those disjointed members, and place them in the body where they properly belong, so that each one shall feel that he has an interest in the welfare of the whole, and that in all their successes and reverses they are now, and forever, one and indissoluble. The tie that binds the Fraternity is but the reflex image of that immutable law which runs through humanity, and whether they know it or not, binds the vast family of man in one body, whose duty, and interests, and wants are inseparable. He that would sunder that tie would cut off a limb from the body,—he that wars with it, wars against himself, against nature in her most steadfast laws, and his defeat is certain.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1844.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

"What is the greatness most sublime
Of all beneath this earthly sun ?
It is the angel strife with crime—
The good returned for evil done."

"WORDS," it has been significantly said, "are things ;" and a single one sometimes is the representative of how many things ! "Pray for me, mother !" These are very simple words, and yet I heard them not long since with almost overpowering emotion. It was one of those occasions when the remembrances of years are compressed into an instant, and stand revealed in one lightning-flash of the soul. I had no thought of analyzing my feelings at the time, and should have found it difficult to tell what so strongly moved me.

At the repetition of the above touching adjuration, the curtains of the past were raised, and

there lay before me, clearly visible to the mind's eye, a man who had just arrived at the years which mark the maturity of manhood, but one who had "run life's mad career wild as the wave"—from whom, as the stern retribution of a misspent life, the "holy light" of day, the beauty and magnificence of nature, the answering look of love and friendship, had been forever shut out—whose ruined constitution shared in the same fearful penalty—and, far sadder than all this, whose soul had suffered an eclipse of which natural darkness is but a faint emblem. Slowly but surely had the vital energies yielded to the insidious approaches of consumption, the hereditary malady of the family, and now, driven to their last citadel, the man was in the final struggle with the Death Angel.

Above the couch of the dying man, bent a woman, something past the meridian of life, in whose countenance was written deep solicitude and commiseration. And that face, too, bore traces of other griefs of her own, which had communicated to it an air of gentle sadness, mingled

with that meek courage which only the devoted heart of a woman can know. With noiseless step she moved about the room, in the various offices of nurse to the sick man, anticipating all his wants as it were by instinct; and her almost sleepless vigils had been continued for months. This, to be sure, is but a common sight; for wherever are the sick or the dying, there is woman, ever to be found at her Heaven-appointed post—ready to whisper the word of comfort, to bring the cooling draught, to wipe the gathering damps of the grave from the brow.

But there was something peculiar in this case. This woman, so religiously, nay, so affectionately performing all the tender duties of a mother, was one of a class whose name has passed into a by-word of reproach among the unthinking—those who cannot understand what a depth of love, of generous self-devotion, may dwell in one humble, sanctified human heart. She was a STEP-MOTHER. And all these ministries of love were the godlike return for repeated injuries and habitual contumely. With manners remarkable for dignity

and courtesy, she had been exposed for a series of years, in the family whose second maternal head she had become, to ridicule and abuse. With a religious conscientiousness wonderfully acute, perhaps morbidly so—in fact, to such a degree that she magnified the most trivial faults into grave and inexpressible sins, and would at times plead in an agony of prayer for forgiveness—her opinions and her feelings were treated with undisguised contempt. In all these bitter trials she remembered and imitated the example of Him, who, “when he was reviled, reviled not again,” and only saw in the sins of the wicked, additional claims to love and compassion.

All this I had known at the time of its occurrence; but the most interesting incident in this sad history remained to be told to me. On a recent visit to the scenes of my youth, I met an intimate friend whom I had not seen for years. After the first salutation, and the mutual inquiries concerning each other's welfare, our conversation naturally turned to those we had known when boys together. Some had been successful, others

unfortunate. Some had gone to distant regions, in the hope of improving their worldly condition, and not a few had been summoned to the spirit-land. There was a melancholy pleasure in this talking of the dead, and we dwelt upon all those minute particulars which are always so interesting in the history of those forever separated from us by death. Of the latter class was he to whom allusion has already been made in these melancholy but faithful reminiscences. For a long time he had been unmoved by the consequences of his vices, and even death seemed to have lost his accustomed terrors for him. But after long languishing under the disease with which he was afflicted, the fatal crisis had at last arrived. A sudden attack of hemorrhage of the lungs deprived him of breath, and springing from his bed in this dreadful extremity, with his arms stretched forward imploringly, he exclaimed to his nurse, in a voice stifled with the torrent of blood issuing from his mouth, "Pray for me, mother!" These were his last words. He never breathed more; and when he was laid upon the

bed by his mother, into whose arms he had fallen, the spirit had gone to its account.

I do not know how this scene may affect others, but to me there was something in it inexpressibly touching. There was deep natural sympathy for one in the condition of a dying man ; but far more touching was the thought of this poor, despised, long-suffering woman, being appealed to as an intercessor in that high court of Heaven's chancery, where he was so soon to appear—as if the prayers of her who so wept and trembled for herself could there avail him. There is something sublime in the consideration that the humblest Christian is in direct communication with the Infinite Father of our spirits, and that the feeblest utterance of sincere prayer does not ascend to Him in vain. In this view of the subject, the persecuted, much-forgiving Step-mother, rises into a dignity, and is invested with a glory before which all the splendor of kings and the mighty ones of the earth fades into utter nothingness.

J. E. W.

NEW YORK, September 20th, 1844.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF ODD FELLOWS.

BY P. G. D. P. BARNARD.

THE Independent Order of Odd Fellows exacts from its members duties which, while they ought not to be burthensome to him whose moral training has been such as to pave the way for those fruits in after years which prove him to be truly "an honest man, the noblest work of God," are strongly obligatory upon every individual. Many of our duties, which, compared with others, are of minor importance, are doubtless well attended to, because they are particularly applicable to our standing in the Order and the full enjoyment of the privileges of membership. With such matters we do not intend at this time to meddle; but it is our object to invite attention to those higher and more exalted duties, which, inasmuch as they

are cognizable by society at large, demand our special observance, because they constitute the fruit by which our Order will be judged, and by such judgment, stand or fall. Those duties are embraced in what are termed the moral obligations of an Odd Fellow.

At the meetings of our Lodges none but brothers of the Order are privileged to attend, and because of the exclusion of all others, Odd Fellowship is styled a secret society by those who are without the pale of our Fraternity. In no other respect can such a charge be well sustained; because the fact of the existence of our Institution is not a secret; nor are the objects of our Order secrets, inasmuch as the Constitution and By-Laws of our Lodges are published, and may be seen and read by any one desirous to peruse them: nor are the names of our members kept secret, but on the contrary they are annually published, and may be read by all: nor have we discovered any secret gem in the mines of literature, science, or the arts, which we studiously conceal from public gaze. In all these respects we are

not a secret society ; nor do we in any point of view resemble those secret institutions which have proved dangerous to the well-being of the community at large. Such societies have invariably had some test, deemed an indispensable qualification, such as peculiar political, religious, or moral views, in strict unison with those already admitted to membership ; but Odd Fellowship meddles not with the political or religious sentiments of candidates for membership ; all it requires is a good moral character. Nevertheless, as it is popular to style us secret societies, it devolves upon us to convince the world that we, as Odd Fellows, have high moral obligations, and are bound faithfully to observe them.

In the early history of the adjoining state of Connecticut, as human law-makers were scarce, the good people of that commonwealth resolved that they would be governed by the laws of God, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, which in their judgment contained all that was necessary for the civil as well as religious government of man. So, with Odd Fellowship, the Bible has

been adopted as an indispensable appendage to every well regulated Lodge ; not to be used, as the ignorant frequently suppose and charge, by us for the administration of dreadful oaths to our members ; not to be kept and looked upon merely as a piece of furniture, yet having no influence on our conduct or proceedings ; but as the unerring standard of Divine Truth, a Light to our way, and a Lamp to our path, teaching us our duty to God, our neighbors, and to ourselves, enabling us to discharge faithfully those duties as children of this earth, and fitting us for the enjoyment of those blessings which are promised in another and a better world. We are, therefore, under an obligation to make the Bible our study, that we be more frequently admonished of those practical duties which Odd Fellows seek to perform.

No duty ought to be more strongly enforced upon our members than a frequent attendance at our Lodge meetings. They will thus become familiar with those wise precepts of charity which all are bound to carry out in practice. They will

then be disposed to take upon themselves those offices, the duties of which relate to visiting the sick and the distressed, and the destitute widow and orphan. They are made familiar with the wants and distresses of others, and become habituated to the practice of affording relief. There have been times at our meetings, when, on some minor affair of business, our discussions have waxed warm and become exciting; but even at such times, who has not felt an enviable glow of pleasure pervade his bosom, at witnessing the respectful silence which all have observed when a brother has taken the floor to report the case of another in sickness or in need, or a widow or orphans in distress, and the ready and unanimous response which all have given to a proposition embracing full and adequate relief? Such scenes are frequent, and their very frequency calls out our charitable feelings so often, that to the regular attendant at our meetings they become a part of their nature. Many have been initiated into our Order whose ears were scarcely or never open to a charitable appeal, and yet by a constant attend-

ance at our meetings, they have become alive to the reality of distress, and have been amongst the foremost in affording the necessary relief. So far then as charity is concerned, those of our members who attend our meetings with regularity are by no means deficient in the practice of that virtue. This is but another illustration of the rule that "practice makes perfect." With our physical nature the constant exercise of the hand, the arm, or any other limb, strengthens and enables it the more easily to repeat the same exercise: so, with our intellectual nature, the frequent exercise of a particular intellectual faculty makes such exercise easy. And if with these, how much more with our moral nature, which is so intimately connected with the best affections of the heart? In the buoyancy of youth, before our feelings have been benumbed with the world's chilling touch, how warm are our affections—how pure our feelings—how generous our emotions! But as years roll on, and we approach to manhood, other feelings usurp those of nature, and smother their existence, and the first years of manhood may be

styled the most selfish of all. Soon a feeling of loneliness disposes to marriage and awakens the social affections. But something more is necessary to be awakened ; our charitable feelings yet remain dormant—our individual means may be too straitened to enable us to adopt any systematic scheme of benevolence. Unless we associate with others, we may never, until too late, have an opportunity to exercise our kindness to any extent. In our Order this association can be found. The small sums contributed by each member form in the aggregate a sufficient fund for great good, and it is freely devoted to that purpose. We have only to cultivate this feeling, and do all the good we can, and we will thereby discharge a great obligation to our Order, because we will command from the world without that tribute of praise which is freely paid to the accomplishment of good.

The obligation of justice is not less binding on our members than on all others of the human family. To do unto others as we would have others do unto us, is a rule to which we cannot too

closely adhere. Justice teaches us never to wrong one another as brothers ; it also teaches us never to wrong any one, be he a brother, or be he a stranger. If we would more closely adhere to this rule, and feel that we do so as an obligation we owe to the Order, how great would be the respect which we should receive as individuals, and as a Fraternity which exacts from its members the performance of such duties ! The Order enjoins these duties on our members, and he is wanting in fidelity who disregards such an injunction.

The obligation of Temperance is amongst our earliest lessons. It is too late to deny the fatal consequences of intemperance upon our moral, physical, and intellectual natures. If any vice is more severely punished than others with us, it is this. If any stronger objection can be urged against a candidate than a suspicion of drunkenness, we have yet to learn what it is. If any thing lowers a man more quickly in the esteem of our members, we know it not. Long before those societies which have so successfully promoted the temperance reformation in our land had an existence,

Odd Fellowship in America raised its warning voice against drunkenness. It discountenanced even occasional convivial meetings in our Fraternity, and has reaped the fruits of its early stand in favor of temperance, by a rapid accession of members, whose usefulness has been proportionate to their sobriety.

We have thus referred to those duties, the performance of which are as apparent without our meetings as within them. The faithfulness with which they are adhered to, will elevate or depress the character of our Institution. We do not claim those virtues as peculiar only to Odd Fellowship. They exist elsewhere, and adorn all societies which adhere to them. In fact, we make no exclusive claim to the practice of any virtue, for virtue *was* before Odd Fellowship existed. We have deemed Odd Fellowship well adapted to the practice of virtue, and we have enrolled ourselves amongst its members; and without disparaging others, or arrogating more to ourselves than is justly our due, we have only to follow the good old paths laid down for us by our predecessors in

the Order, and we will convince the world, not only that we are not the characters that some have supposed us to be—not a secret society whose motives are bad—but that we are actually an Association whose objects are to serve the human race, and that much good can come out of those whose simple motto is

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BROOKLYN, September 14, 1844.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

"The Social Band is broken! Two have already found
A refuge from the ills of life, and sweetly slumber
In the quiet tomb. I give them joy; nor would
I wake them from their deep repose.
Mine be the loss, dear sisters; yours the eternal gain!"

MOTHER! weep not; those loved forms are folded
In the deep quiet of their happy rest;—
And angels hover round their tomb, and watch
Their precious dust. Peace to thy troubled breast!
Nurtured for heaven by thy pious care,
Ere long, dear mother, thou wilt meet them there!

O! weep no more for the beloved departed;
Their spirits are now ranging, hand in hand,
Where God received them to their heavenly country;
The Social Circle form an angel band;
And those sweet voices which oft soothed thee here,
Will hail thee welcome to that brighter sphere.

W. E. M.

GREENPORT, L. I., 1844.



THE ODD FELLOWS' ORBITALS.

Figure 1. for the Odd fellows' Offering.

ON 10.

Assail earth's best and holiest things.

17*



ODD FELLOW'S ORPHANS.

BY P. G. MADISON D. CHARLOT.

"ODD FELLOWSHIP 's the humbug of the age,"
Said Selfishness, with all his wonted pride :
But FRIENDSHIP, (holy, venerable sage,)
And LOVE, whom none will dare deride,
Link'd to the TRUTH—three powers allied,
Whose deeds will live when others all have died—
In accents mild, reprovingly replied :

"You are mistaken—as you always are ;—
You are too intimate with Envy : and
You have so little FAITH you do not dare,
Or even HOPE, to join that triune band
Whom CHARITY protects beneath her wings
With ever jealous care, though slander's stings
Assail earth's best and holiest things.

17*

"Behold these Orphans ! fostered by the care
Of our beloved Order : relicts left
By dear departed " Worthy Brothers,"
Too soon of their protection 'rest.
Look on their happy, smiling faces :
Can ' Humbug' there have left such traces
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH's best graces ?"

NEW YORK, October 8th, 1844.

DEVELOPMENTS OF TRUTH.

BY BRO. THOMAS AUSTIN.

EVERY age has been marked by signal triumphs of Truth, constituting a continuous chain of victorious development, from the time man fell to the day when Calvary's Hill was convulsed by the death of the world's Redeemer, and from thence to the present moment. And every era of this continued series of victories has had its men of literature, science and song, and of political and moral reform, to fight for and bring to light truths—political, physical, and moral—having for their object the increased comfort of the human family; thus giving to successive generations rules of faith and action.

Every age also has been marked by precedent, superstition, bigotry and ignorance. And men have never been wanting, who have from selfish-

ness, or mistaken views of benevolence, or from the influences of prevailing orthodoxy, resisted the introduction of new truths into the world, upon the supposition that every principle necessary to the good order and harmonious action of society had been discovered. Consequently, the advocates of new measures and new principles—whether in physics or morals—have been looked upon and generally treated as innovators and disturbers of the peace. Thus has a perpetual conflict of hope and fear, bigotry and liberality, darkness and light, of truth and error, been maintained by these opposing elements, calling into action the energies of the greatest minds, and rousing the martial prowess of every age, drenching the world in blood, and making it a great Golgotha.

Nevertheless, for the opposition Truth has met with at every step, we must not complain. These strugglings and fierce contests, which have ever attended its introduction, have all been necessary, absolutely unavoidable, in the continuous chain of events, to nail it to man's regard, give it that foothold the ignorant and diseased state of the hu-

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man mind required, and to perfect the high state of freedom and happiness which we now enjoy.

To the mind of the philanthropist this connected series of movements may present a dark picture of human frailty and discomfort. But the history of this world—with its strugglings for freedom—its fierce contests with error—its hopes, and wants, and aspirations—its ages of moral gloom, prophetic inspiration, barbarian darkness, and Christian illumination, passes before the Great Infinite like a splendid panorama, showing the joys, and sorrows, and wants of each individual of the many busy generations that people it, and the good working out of the rubbish from the down-falling temples of sophistry, and error, and superstition, and bigotry. The amens, the bursts of song, the glories, and the final triumph of Truth, are all seen by Him, resulting from the noisy lies which envelop in thick clouds the best interests of the race, and consequently of His universal government.

The ushering in of the dawn of Christianity was accompanied with the song of angels,—the

fulness of time had arrived for "peace on earth and good will to man." A long train of movements—of peace and war, destruction and preservation, of type and shadow, prepared the way for that astounding event. Nevertheless, the advent of its principles into the world, was amid the Scribes, and Pharisees, and Herods of the time they appeared ; consequently, they met with sour unwelcome ; and their but partial development even at this age of the world has been the work of successive generations. The truly wise men of the East have always gone up ready god-fathers to welcome Truth and worship at its altar ; but its growth has been amid storm and persecution, and generally before it has become settled, it has had its garden of Gethsemane, its hill of Calvary, in order to its triumphant and glorious ascension from the obscurity of the long dark eternity that preceded it.

Now what holds true of the causes, effects, and ultimate perfections of moral science, holds true of the developments of physical science. The parallel between them is complete.

To the perfection of the mathematics, a Euclid was necessary, to discover its lines and triangles, to afford an immortal Newton the means of exposing to man a splendid astronomy of the celestial heavens. A previous discovery of chemistry—with the components, the organization and the decomposition of bodies, together with the mechanics, the screw, wedge and the lever—were all necessary as a chain of causes and effects to the perfecting of the steam engine, before the boding forth of a high state of intellect could be put into practical operation, in the form of this powerful machine of modern invention.

Now the principles of the mathematics, and the powers and forces of steam, had been in existence from all eternity ; but it required a continuation of a long chain of circumstances, in order to a full development of the mighty forces of the one and the great principles of the other. It were absolutely necessary that mechanics should be perfected, and the genius of a Fulton brought into exercise, before the gallant steamer could ride over the crest of the transparent surge like a “ thing of

life," comparatively annihilating time and space. And the same may be said of Newton, and of the lines and triangles of a Euclid, before that splendid and magnificent astronomy of the universe could be developed, that enables the astronomer, with line and plummet, to traverse the distant regions of the universe, and measure the wide-sweeping orbit of the far distant world.

But let no one suppose that the race has arrived to the topmost round of the ladder of physical or moral science. We are but in the infancy of our being as a race ; our destiny is yet to be fulfilled. We are situated, as it were, in the middle of time, and in the centre of the universe, in possession of some of the truths which have been developed in the half eternity behind us. But in that past before us, every age shall be marked by the discovery of new principles in morality and science, that will conduce to the highest well-being of the human world, socially, politically, and morally.

Nevertheless, this will not be accomplished without anarchy and strife, for it will be, we fear, many ages to come, the interest of the majority to

oppose the great measures which lead to their development. Indeed, no truth of any moment will ever become established without opposition, until the nations establish themselves upon the firm basis of equal rights, upon the higher and nobler principles of their being, and place themselves in harmony with the laws of the universe, chanting, in unison with universal nature, a loud anthem of love and good will to man.

The really good man will not attempt to stem the tide of Truth, but will, as soon as he discovers a new principle, embrace it, and reach out after those undiscovered that lie before him. He forms the connecting link between the past and the future, and links hands with the generations that are past and with those to come. With him there is nothing old: all is new. The mighty prophecies, so long gathering, seem to him in the train of a speedy fulfilment. Time works with him because he is faithful. He sees in every thing around him the elements, adaptations, and relations, of a higher state of being for the great human family. He knows that every new Truth dis-

covered is another step gained toward the high state of humanity which he believes is in store for man.

It is true, the future, to the searcher after truth, is indistinct as the landscape bounded by the blue horizon. What lies beyond that landscape he knows not, nor the relation its secrets bear to the destinies of his beloved race. All he knows is, that an illimitable field of truth lies before him. Hence, with a firm faith and active works, he commences his journey to the distance bounded by his short-sighted vision, and discovers that every step in this moral landscape is pregnant with new principles. Having arrived there, he commences another journey; but every advance brings him no nearer the termination of his journeyings,—he still perceives landscape after landscape stretching out before him in a never-ending succession, each bounded, to his limited vision, by a physical, moral, or spiritual universe.

Thus he may toil on, and dig up from the "hidden wells of truth" the precious ore to increase the wealth of the store-houses of knowledge. But the

result of his discoveries will be generally pronounced base metal, and at the best only worked into shape for the use of subsequent generations. Hence it is that the progress of men is slow in developing Truth, which, if it were at once appreciated, and properly applied, would have for its tendency large and increased addition to the comfort and happiness of man.

Sometimes it would seem to require the wisdom and the experience of successive generations to develop a single principle. Nevertheless this is not to be wondered at, for intellect is a thing of growth, and not a creation. Hence, as soon as the human mind is up to that standard necessary to a just appreciation of a newly discovered Truth, it will adopt it, and not before. There is a prematurity and fulness of time for all things.

Many men of this day laugh and sneer at the new doctrines, as they call them, of these *intellectual* times; and because they do not understand them, or are too idle to examine truths for themselves, brand them with the *elegant* cognomen humbug! They are willing to look idly on,

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while others are toiling and digging for their benefit. And when a new gem is discovered, they are not satisfied with refusing it themselves, but rob the finder of the reward due to his industry, by depreciating the value of the recent discovery. Hence, it may not be out of place in this connection to remark, that it may be considered a mark of prejudice, or ignorance, in any individual to speak slightly of or ridicule any new truth, if he have not thought of and studied the claims which such truth presents to the world for admittance. "Crucify him ! crucify him !" is the cry of the ignorant, "and release unto us the old Barabbas of our prejudices, that we may prevent the admission of these new doctrines into the world."

But as well might an individual attempt to dam up the waters of the noble Hudson with a sheaf of straw, as to make the effort to check the onward career of the car of Truth, that is borne along, as it were, upon the wings of the wind. The vast improvements in the sciences, intellect, and morals, which have been for ages gradually developing, prove the utter futility of man in this

respect. Let his efforts be ever so great or well directed, he must sooner or later fall in with the current ; for we are now, as a race, living and acting out truths which others have discovered, yea fought and in some instances suffered for before us.

The freedom of thought and opinion which we now enjoy has been the contest and the work of successive ages. How often has the true reformer been crushed beneath the prejudices and the ignorance of the age at the time he lived, because that age was not ripe for the reception of such truths as he taught !

Let an individual run his eye over the history of the world, from the time its polluted inhabitants were destroyed, under an overwhelming baptism, up to the present moment, and he will discover the connected series of movements that have brought about the present state of things. Empires have risen and fallen at all periods. They have risen, by the cultivation, to some extent, of the social and civil virtues, but more by the elements of physical force. Then have they fell by

the very elements which had raised them to the highest pinnacle of human glory. Others again have risen out of these decomposing elements, and have revelled for a time on the very threshold of ruin, regardless of the causes that had separated the *iron* and *clay* of former States, and as a natural consequence been hurled down again to ruin and annihilation.

Now, as decomposition and convulsion in the physical world are necessary to the quiet, order, beauty, and harmony of all material things, so does every convulsion in the human world assist in and purify it from its errors, and grievances, and tyrannies. Every toppling institution, and every outbreak, proves the existence of previous wrong. And although the diseased or disaffected part may be healed for the moment by the strong arm of oppression, yet it will fester beneath the surface, and break out again with renewed violence. The mobs, and civil wars, and successive revolutions, which have obtained at all periods to such a frightful extent, have been as necessary—yea, absolutely unavoidable—to the purification of the

human world of its evils, and consequently to its very existence, as the storm to the ocean, or the thunder and lightning to the atmosphere.

Contests, and martyrdoms, and wars, all pointed to, and were necessary to bring about the great event that was to take place in the eighteenth century. Tracing the chain backward, we find that each step has been marked by as signal a triumph of principle as ever characterized any event since the world began. In the connected series, we find the Roman conquest of the island of Great Britain imparting a dim light of civilization to the hitherto war-like and half-savage Briton ; the annihilation of the Roman power by the northern Barbarian, and the consequent withdrawal of the Legion, to make way for the next invaders—the Danes and the Normans ; the light—feeble though it was—of the gorgeous spirituality of the Roman Catholic Church : then the contests of the feudal lords and barons with the king for their rights ; then the yeomanry of the country for theirs ; and then the stubborn and clamorous demands of the masses for theirs also, which eventually resulted

in the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, as they are called, to establish the foundations of a mighty population. Then followed the political convulsion that rolled the head of King Charles in the dust, upset the throne, and placed the power in the hands of that sturdy Puritan, Cromwell; then again the suppression of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and the bursting out again of these principles on this side of the Atlantic Ocean—we mean the Revolutionary War. And now began the grand contest, the result of fifteen centuries, that was to determine whether the human mind should remain stationary in ignorance and superstition, or whether the great principles of the Christian Dispensation should be the rule of faith and works, and of an active and higher morality. This war was contested fiercely by the opposing hosts of aristocracy and proud prelacy, for the express purpose of annihilating the liberties of mankind; crushing at the very onset every attempt of the mass to elevate themselves in the great scale of being; forever quench the spark of freedom struck into ex-

istence at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and prevent it kindling into a flame that might sweep tyranny and oppression from off the face of the earth, and hurl kings and their thrones over the battlements of the people's strength.

The fierce hosts of tyranny were poured on these shores; but they were powerless against the stern and indomitable spirit of men determined to be free or die. But the people triumphed. The chain was completed; the point gained; the star in the east shone clearly and brightly; the day of man's elevation commenced: and from that day may be dated the downfall of despotism's iron throne, and freedom from the shackles of borrowed thought, worn-out custom, precedent, and old dynasty: a living body was separated from the dead one, and a large field appropriated for a full and complete development of mind that should bring to pass a nobler, a transcendently higher species of humanity.

The commencement, the result, and the triumphs of the great truths of the Revolution, have taught the legislators of the world a sound lesson

of practical wisdom, that if they wish to retain power, they must not oppose the moving will of the many, but in all cases yield the first demand. If they do not in the first instance, they will find, to their cost, they will be compelled to do it at last, with this difference, viz: instead of yielding the part first demanded, they will have to yield the whole. The demands of the masses always increase, in proportion as they are refused them. The point refused at first, may at the next stage of the proceedings be complied with, but not accepted by the complainants with the original conditions. The claim swells with costs and interest through every stage of demand and compliance. The last refusal of the one party produces a higher demand of the other, the last demand obtaining the grant of the one in the rear, until at length the whole is claimed and gained by the many, and lost by the short-sighted and domineering few.

If the British Government had yielded the first demand, the Revolution might have been postponed half, or a whole century. But so, and

happily for us, it did not. Freedom has thus grown out of tyranny, and budded, and blossomed, ay, and brought forth a rich harvest of fruit out of the noxious weeds of despotism; and now we have a government based upon the spirit of the age, like a goodly vessel sailing down the stream of eternity, loaded with the precious freight of human rights, human elevation, and human happiness. And as it shall hail in view of new truths, it shall gladly welcome and receive them, that it may go its way, scattering to the nations on the shores of time, the blessed universal truths which it had gathered during its onward progress. Every nation neglecting or refusing to avail itself of the opportunity offered, when this vessel is passing, to adopt the principles which may be scattered upon the bosom of these waters, shall eventually sink to annihilation.

Now this great revolutionary contest must not be considered the result of contingency; but as one of the last great means that has brought the human world, thus far, out of its difficulties, its failures, its wrongs, and tyrannies, which have

swelled and surged over the human family during a long night of grief and discomfort.

It is a glaring fact, that just in proportion as nations are willing to search after and obey the stern demands of Truth, just in that proportion do they rank highest in point of refinement, education, wealth, influence, and real power. These constitute the heart of the true democracy of our days, the pulsations of which are felt to the very extremities of this mighty confederation; and, we might say, to a certain extent all over the world.

The American people and their institutions have come into existence exactly in the right time. The world had been preparing, through a long succession of ages, for just such a spectacle of civil and moral grandeur that they now present. Had the attempt been made to establish this Republic of republics fifty years earlier, it would have signally failed. But the machinery of the universe was not hurried along too fast; hence, coming when it did, it succeeded. The words, of vast import, were written upon the

walls of despotism, "All men are created free and equal," and possess in common, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The fulness of time had arrived for the accomplishment of the great work, and a nation was obedient to Truth's stern demands. Although liberty descended on tardy wings, yet it came at last.

All the grand operations of Nature are carried on by slow, but sure degrees. What great changes had to take place in the globe before it was made a fit residence for man ! See what geology, one of the first and grandest of all the sciences, reveals to our view ! By what slow degrees Nature has worked out her present perfections ! what a series of transformations to bring material things to their present high degree of harmony, order, and perfection ! Effects have become causes, and causes effects ; and so, on they have rolled, from perfection to perfection, until we are now the occupants of as fair and beautiful a world as any contained in God's vast dominions.

The history of the whole physical and moral world, up to the present moment, may be consid-

ered in the light of a grand series of truths ; truths having developed Truth in a never-ending round of cause and effect. Hence the prevailing truths of to-day may develop others of a higher order to-morrow, as means to bring into play other principles to bless the world.

From what we have now written may be seen that every truth has had—the same as now—an actual presence, a tangible and solid reality. None have come into existence in vain. They have rolled the turbid waters of error and sophistry into their own living ocean, thereby accomplishing the purposes of the Great Infinite, and unfolding the secrets and mysteries of His government through successive eternities.

Looking at the many great truths which of late years have been presented to the regards of the world, we are struck in particular with admiration at the achievements of the Temperance reformation. This work has indeed been a blessed instrumentality in restraining vice and alleviating human suffering. How great the change that has come over the face of society from the effects of

this vital truth ! It is not long since the free use of alcohol threatened to depopulate the world. It had by its seductive influence found its way into all the ramifications of society, pervading the cottage of the poor, the palace of the rich, the fane, the altar, and the throne. But the pioneers of the Temperance cause set in motion the waves of the filthy tide of intemperance, that should roll on, each billow increasing the magnitude of the succeeding one, until the world should be cleansed of this physical and moral corruption.

Now we hesitate not to say, that, had the ultra pledge been contended for in the first instance, scarcely a single step would have been gained toward redeeming the world from the tide of desolation which alcohol had been rolling over it for ages. But it has all been well. The Society has moved on in a happy connection of events ; it has grown to its present importance by comparatively slow but sure degrees.

When the question was first agitated, the effort was made to reform the inebriate ; but that proved a premature movement. Finding that nothing

could be accomplished among the inebriates, the reformers, acting like wise men, ceased reaching after objects beyond their reach, and adopted the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirit, leaving the individual free to use cider, beer, or wine as a beverage. But such a pledge now would be considered no pledge at all ; nor would it be. Nevertheless, at the time it was urged upon the attention of this country, it was as much as the public mind was prepared to receive. Hence, having accomplished its work, the fulness of time arrived for and consequently produced the next movement ; and thus another step was gained in the ascending scale of moral principle. This step was strongly opposed. But the opponents were met by the advocates of the new measure, and Truth shortly triumphed. Then a way was opened for the Washingtonian pledge—the highest movement of all. This carried the truth farther on, and within the short space of about three years, accomplished more real good than all the previous efforts of the Temperance Society, and forever settled the principle, that however degraded an

individual may be, he possesses a feeling that will vibrate to kindness.

We should fail even in the attempt to recount the amount of good this movement has done. But we do know that it has threaded its way through the darkest avenues of civilization, sounded the lowest depths of human degradation, and hurled the monster of vice and agony from his iron throne. It has also evolved the principles of love and confidence, that constitute the chain which bind the moral and spiritual universe to the throne of the Eternal. And it now moves over and amid all the conflicting opinions of men which convulse the world. It shoots up like a brilliant meteor amid the moral darkness that covers the earth, cheering onward the philanthropist and Christian of every name, and guiding forth to the temporal salvation of the great human family. Oh! it is a grand charter of peace, beckoning all to come and dwell within its peaceful vales of comfort and unity—pointing to every child of mortality the direction to human life, human liberty, and human happiness.

We do indeed live in an eventful period of the world's history. A chain of circumstances are at work to bring about a happier state of things. In the sciences, truths are daily developing, adding greatly to the comfort and convenience of man, and extending the principles of a sounder morality. The numberless machines in motion to save labor; and steam by its mighty powers is conveying the news of man's present and eternal well-being to the remotest corners of the globe; canals and railroads are now threading their way through all the avenues of civilization, bringing towns, cities and nations together, and forming their populations into one great human family; and chemistry is bending the elements of the air, water, and earth to man's necessities, alleviating and soothing the pain of the sick and the dying.

The Sabbath School Institution, Missionary, Bible, Tract, Peace, and other benevolent Societies, are all moving onward, and rallying round one common centre; all actuated by the same spirit, and with the same end in view; all governed by the same Truth, impelled by one im-

pulse ; and all form one body, the influence of whose mighty pulse is felt wherever there is injustice, vice, moral wrong, or oppression.

Indeed, the moral universe is in motion. The awakening spirit of humanity is God's inspiration. The old elements of society are breaking up. Reason and Revelation walk side by side. The question now is not who is the strongest, but who is the wisest. Warring faiths clasp hands in mutual service. Angels are now saying, "Look not for Truth here among the dead traditions and conventionalisms of by-gone days, but among the living faiths ; for it has risen, and will appear unto all who are obedient to its requirements."

Hence it becomes us at all times to weigh and examine carefully and dispassionately all truths that may be presented to our regard. It becomes us to do this as American citizens ; for with us are intrusted the destinies of the world.

To be intrusted with the lofty prerogative of man's present and future well-being is our high privilege to enjoy. And just in proportion as we prove faithful to this high commission, in that

ratio will the car of human happiness move on to the full and complete fruition of all that constitutes a noble and happy race.

It becomes us also to ascertain the port whither we are bound, and so trim our canvass to the breeze that we may not make shipwreck of the important trust committed to our care, but so navigate our vessel that we avoid all breakers and quicksands, and arrive at the destined haven in perfect safety. Future generations shall thus be enriched with the increased developments of matter and mind, that our relation and connection with our times and our Institutions have given birth; and then, as one generation shall succeed another on the stage of existence, each will rise up and call us blessed.

NEW YORK, September 25, 1844.

THREE ERAS IN WOMAN'S LIFE;

Or, the Bridal, the Christening, and the Death Bed.

BY P. G. JOHN G. CLAYTON.

HELEN WOODVILLE was not the village belle, for even the warmest of her many admirers did not make any pretensions that she was beautiful ; yet there was a warmth in the clear blue of her eye, and something in her joyous laugh, that went home to the heart with more certainty than the well studied wiles of the most practised coquette, and forced one to love her whether he would or no. Having thus frankly avowed that my heroine was not beautiful, when I add that she was not the only daughter of a widowed mother, I am aware that I have abandoned the two main constituents in modern story telling, and almost despair of making my simple narrative to you, fair reader. Yet, pray thee, do not

throw the book aside, for if *I* do not entertain thee, at least I will not keep thee long from the better fare which has been so bountifully provided.

Helen was the youngest of many children. Her father, a venerable old man, for forty years had pointed the way to heaven to as loving a flock as was ever village pastor blessed with. It was a simple and primitive community, that over which he presided, in one of those little sequestered dells, of which so many are scattered all over the New England states, drawing no revenue from commerce, owing no support to manufactures, but winning from the bosom of the earth that sustenance which repays the labors of the husbandman. Her mother had long since been called from her earthly pilgrimage, while her brothers and sisters had all gone out into the busy haunts of the world, and she alone remained as the last stay to lighten the passage of the old man to the grave.

A more perfect contrast to Helen could not well be imagined than was Frank Hayden. She was timid, retiring, trustful. He was bold, forward,

and suspicious. She was small in person, delicate in health, and bearing that impress on her countenance, which, with almost unerring certainty, indicates the destined tenant of an early grave. He was tall, robust, and the very impersonation of vigorous health. In short, in every particular they were the most perfect antipodes.

Yet they loved, that strong man and weak woman, and the very existence of one appeared to be bound up in that of the other. Well do I recollect their bridal morning. Of the villagers old and young, all were there, save those whom some unavoidable hindrance compelled to be absent. The little old white-washed church was as well filled as if it were a sabbath gathering for the services of the sanctuary. The sun shone brightly through its antiquated windows with the mild radiance of September upon the groups assembled within, and countenances beaming with joy were lighted into animation by its rays. The gray haired father was officiating, and his voice trembled as he pronounced those words which bound in irrevocable union the destiny of one to the

other. The words were spoken, and the bridegroom folded in his arms the bride of his choice.

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It was the Sabbath. Two years had passed since the previous scene, and before the altar of the sanctuary Frank Hayden and Helen were once more standing hand in hand together, to offer up their vows in behalf of one who had been given as a seal of blessing upon their union. It might be fancy, but it did appear to me as if the open expression that beamed from Frank's eyes upon his marriage morn was gone, and that his countenance wore a troubled and disturbed expression, as if he were ill at ease with himself and all around him. And she? She too had changed. The natural paleness had become yet more pallid, and as she turned a look upon her husband, a tear started from her eye, coursed down her cheek, and dropped upon her infant's brow.

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Two years more had rolled away, and been added to the records of the past. Frank had left

the village, and sought a wider field for his active spirit in a southern city. Even before he departed some of the older villagers shook their heads and remarked that Frank was strangely altered. He had become negligent of public worship, and report did say that evenings which he had previously devoted to his family circle were now frequently spent in the tavern. Still he was kind to Helen, and not a whisper from her gave evidence that she was otherwise than happy; and when a change of residence was proposed, though parting with reluctance from those whom she had loved from youth upward, yet she cheerfully acceded to the wishes of him whom she had promised to love, honor, and obey.

Letters were seldom received from the absentees, yet ever and anon tidings of them would reach our sequestered village. Frank had prospered greatly, and all spake of him as one far advanced on the highway of fortune. He was a trader, extensively engaged in the commerce of the South, and all that he touched appeared to be at once turned to gold. Mingled with these favorable sto-

ries, however, were others of a more painful character. One person there was who had seen him, who hinted that he had given himself up to intemperance, and another darkly insinuated that his prosperity was owing mainly to avocations and associations, which, if generally known, would banish him from all society to enter which honesty was a necessary qualification.

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It was winter. The merry ringing of the sleigh-bells resounded through the village, and the joyful shouts and the cheerful laughter of the school boys, as they merrily wended their way from the school-house, added to the animation of the scene. It was to be noticed, however, that they carefully avoided the vicinity of the parsonage, for one was there whom they feared that their noisy mirth might disturb. It was Helen. Propped up by pillows, she half reclined on a low couch in the little parlor where her youthful days were spent. Oh! how changed was she from the morn when she left that apartment, in the full flush of youthful hope and happiness, to bestow

herself upon him who had won her maiden affections, a venturer on the sea of life, who dreamed not that shipwreck could e'er o'ertake her hopes! Her cheeks, ever pale, were more pallid now than aught that should belong to earth, so that they matched the very snow on the casement in their whiteness. Her form had wasted away, till it appeared as if it were all too fragile for the tenement of a living spirit, while her eyes glistened with that strange, indescribable, glassy lustre, which only consumption in its last stages can impart.

Poor girl! her fate had indeed been hard since she had left her father's hearth; and no wonder that she had sunk under it. Frank had indeed been even worse than the most unfavorable account which we had reported of him. He had prospered for awhile, but intemperance had blunted his faculties, destroyed his moral sensibilities, and paved the way to the gaming table. The property which he had inherited and honestly acquired, was squandered at the horse race, the faro bank, and the card table, till ruin stared him in

the face, and he sought to avert it by the last fatal resort. He was detected, and precipitate flight was all that saved him from incarceration in the cells of a prison to await the punishment which is meted out by the hands of justice to the crime of forgery.

But even that was not all. From the very day that he left his native village, he had ill-used his young and confiding wife. Cold neglect and angry words had usurped the place of those delicate attentions and endearments which he had at one period lavished upon her, till finally he consummated his brutality and her injuries, by installing a wanton in that place at his hearth-side which was the rightful station of the wife of his bosom. She had borne all till then without a murmur; but this was too much; her woman's pride was touched; and the day that this outrage was inflicted on her rights, she was a passenger on the way to seek a refuge with her friends at the East. Before another week had elapsed, her husband was a fugitive, flying from the consequences of his crimes, in company with her for whom he had

given up all the pleasures and enjoyments of wife, friends, country, and of home.

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It was a lovely evening in early spring. The sun, far down in the western hemisphere, threw its golden tints upon the clouds, lighting up the horizon as with a cheerful smile, and making all around look too serenely beautiful for the entertainment of the idea that in such a world, sorrow, or sickness, or broken-heartedness, could exist.

Helen had been assisted up, and was reclining in an easy-chair, shading her eyes with one pale attenuated hand from the glare of the bright sun-beam which was struggling for an entrance through the latticed window, shaded with luxuriant honeysuckle. A little removed sat her father, his locks white as the driven snow, a large family bible, with its bright brass clasps, before him. —Reposing on the couch just vacated by the mother, was a lovely child, some three years old, its infant slumbers undisturbed by the thought that ere a morrow's sun should dawn he would be an orphan, cast upon the wide world, with no claim

upon its sympathies or its kindness, and with no other protector than that old man, who had already gathered in more than the years three score and ten which are allotted as the period of man's existence.

I have said that the bible was open before the aged pastor. He had been reading aloud such passages as his experience dictated as comforting to a person in the condition of the poor sufferer before him. He had opened at the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, commencing with the passage, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," and had just finished those beautiful verses,—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever,"—when, looking up to mark its effect upon the mind of that frail flower who was indeed withering and fading away, he saw a smile of heavenly sweetness playing about her countenance, as if she were already a participant in the felicity of that land where sorrow entereth not.

She had raised herself erect in her seat : her lips were parted as if she fain would speak, but the words remained unbreathed. She sank back into the seat, her head dropped listlessly on the cushions, and ere her father reached her, the golden thread had broken, and the wearied spirit of Helen Hayden was at rest.

NEW YORK, September 27th, 1844.

AN ISLAND AND CONTINENT CONTRASTED
IN THEIR INFLUENCE ON HUMANITY.

BY P. G. GEORGE W. NILES.

THE passengers in this great vessel which we call the world must all necessarily move in the circle which our journeying habitation describes. But in this ship of the world, where nations take passage, there is a great choice in berths. The voice of philosophy would seem to teach us that the best berth in the great ship of Nature is an island. An ocean of moderate extent is not a barrier between two nations. It is rather a bond which draws them into closer intercourse. The sea may be called the *metropolis* of Nature. It is the natural centre where all the great movements of civilization and humanity must be commenced and consummated. In such a situation every object seems to inspire the mind with the sentiment of

variety and of life. The *movement*, the activity, the individuality, and the liberty of the human race, will there find their true development. The ocean possesses a magic influence to enlarge and to strengthen the human soul. In its deep and tranquil bosom there dwells a *spirit* which tells that human life is not man's only destiny; that earth is not his only abiding place, but points him, like Anaxagoras, to his "*home in the skies*." There comes a *sound* over its billows that speaks, as with the voice of eternity, the dignity and the supremacy of man. The spirit of man is an instrument which nature manages at its will, and the soul instinctively responds to the changing aspect of Nature.

When the tempest is abroad upon the deep, and the wild waves rush tumultuously to the shore, man delights to be there and hold converse with the genius of the storm. His unquiet spirit finds a solace in the expression of its own unrest on the face of nature. Danger lends a charm to his situation. He feels in harmony with the scene. When the rack is sweeping stormfully across the

heavens, his eager spirit will be rising with the storm. The nation that is situated upon an island must necessarily *feel* this inspiration. It will echo the melody of nature's anthem : it will catch a few of its tones, and repeat, though at an immeasurable distance, some of the faintest of its harmonies.

Greece, though not an island, possessed most of the advantages of an insular situation ; and we accordingly see its influences in the character of her philosophy. It was the aim of Socrates (and he did only *body forth* the idea of his age,) to convince mankind of their true importance ; to exalt the standard of human excellence ; to separate man from the world of matter, and give him a knowledge of himself. Think you that Socrates could have flourished in a vast inland continent ? His *name* might have been Socrates, but it would have had *no charm*. Socrates among the mountains of inland Asia would have been far different from *that* Socrates who wandered with his disciples along the flowery banks of the Illyssus, or caught the resounding echo of the

ocean ; who sat with them beneath the shades of the Lyceum, and listened to the joyous play of its fountains. He would have shown none of that lofty *divine enthusiasm* which gives to life its true nobility—its poetry—its charm. It was this that gave to Greece so much individuality—so much enterprise. It is this same influence that prompts the little Phætons of every age, who pant so ardently to mount the chariot of the sun, and guide its fire-breathing coursers, even though their feeble arm may yet need strength to grasp the reins. It is this same unseen yet mighty influence that nerves the individual man to rise up in the conscious superiority of his intellectual nature, and make the huge world *move* at his bidding, and COME ROUND to him.

But injustice would be done my subject, were I not to mention here that proud old country beyond the deep, which our fathers called their home. England is not the Jerusalem of literature. It is not the Holy City to which we would pay our literary homage, or make a literary pilgrimage. It is not to me the Mecca of the mind.

Yet we are willing to acknowledge that she maintains a proud supremacy in Literature. Her sons are in its foremost ranks. They are the vanguard in the march of science; the intellectual back-woodsmen, ever upon the outskirts of the empire of the mind, reclaiming from the barren wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of man. The nation is conscious of her importance. Her commerce, her manufactures, and her arts, all point us to her position upon the deep. She has been called the mistress of the ocean, and it was so in truth till our gallant Hull caused her proud escutcheon to be struck.

Show me an island that has a reason for existing; show me an island where one *idea* begins to be developed; and I will soon show you the Eden of humanity. Thought is not here a captive: *feeling* is not here enslaved. Far otherwise. The visible soul of Nature here endeavors to find the soul of man. She will find it in her bosom: she will hold converse with us: she will speak not only of man and human interests, but of immortality. A large inland continent is the precise

arena, which the keen eye of philosophy has long since marked out as the plague-spot of humanity. How can man feel his importance, when the *infinite* in Nature is continually crushing him under a sense of his own insignificance? The mind of the islander is like the ocean which surrounds him, strong yet beautiful in its strength; smiling in the radiance of summer, and washing luxuriant and romantic shores. That of the other might be likened to some black unfathomable lake, placed far amid the melancholy mountains—bleak, solitary, desolate, but girdled, perhaps, with grim sky-piercing cliffs, overshadowed with storms and illuminated only by the red glare of the lightning. The intellectual flowers that blossom here are not Nature's magnolia grandifloras; they are rather her lowly shrubs. But let the untrammelled energy of the immortal mind once gain foothold upon the rocky height of the rockiest island in old ocean's bosom, and it will strengthen and flourish the more, if only the waves do not close over it forever.

NEW-YORK, September 27, 1844.

THE ODD FELLOW'S FAMILY.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

THE autumn day is waning to its close;
The golden sun, low in the flaming west,
Throws back his fierce defiance to the shades
Of fast approaching night, and gilds the sky
With hues like those once fabled to illumine
The gorgeous palace of Olympian Jove,
When, in full garniture of majesty,
Among his subject gods he sat, his brow
Wreathed with the rays of his own glory.
Night! thou art welcome to the sons of men,
Who, from the hour when bright Aurora oped
The gates of morning to thine advent, strive,
In just fulfilment of the penalty
Imposed on us in Eden, when sent forth,
To force from the reluctant earth that boon
Which nature still demands—the Bread of Toil.
The deepening gloom winds through the busy vales,



THE OLD FELLOWS' RAMBLER

Issued for the Old Fellows' Offering

THE ODESSA REVIEW

BY F. W. WATSON

The autumn day's wending to its end,
 The golden sun, low in the burning west,
 Throws back his fierce defiance to the night,
 Of fast approaching night, and glows and glows
 With hues like those once known to glow
 The gorgeous palace of Olympus high,
 When, in full garbure of majesty,
 His august subject gods before him stood,
 At length, with the rays of his own glory,
 He sent them forth out to the woes of men,
 To live, to die, when bright Ares sped
 His word, commanding to thine advent strive,
 To live, to die, and the penalty
 Of death, when sent forth,
 To live, to die, and the penalty of death that boon

Which nature sun demands—the Bread of Toil.

The deepening gloom winds through the busy vales,



THE ODD FELLOW'S FAMILY.

Engraved for the Odd Fellows' Offering.

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And creeps along the track of every beam
Of fast retreating sun-light. In the East,
The queen of night smiles farewell to the sun,
And beckons on her host of ministers,
Who wheel their nightly rounds as bright as when
The young creation heard their matin song.
Thrice welcome Night! thy shades call to his home
The happy parent, for whose welcome kiss
A smiling wife and clamorous children crowd
The door-way of his humble domicile.
The dear dependants! how his heart leaps up
In gratitude to Him whose mighty hand
Hath brought them safely on the path of life,
Till their small arms can wreath his neck! their tongues
Drive, with their prattling tones, the demon Care
From every resting in his happy soul.
Yet every cup of earthly bliss hath some
Deep-lurking venom in its latest lees:
To him this wo should be the thought that Fate
May stretch his stalwart form upon a bed
Of pain, or summon him away from life,
Leaving his fair young wife and orphan heirs
To struggle in a world of selfishness,
With none to save from misery or death.
Thanks to the noblest ORDER e'er by man
Conceived: no thought like this annoys his soul;

Strong hands and noble hearts are pledged to guard,
From every near approach of wo or wrong,
Their brother's weeping family ; to throw
The light of science on their minds, and lead
Their trembling steps along the path of life,
As safely as a father's fondest wish
Could hope, till death shall call them up to God,
To join the loved, the lost, the ne'er forgot.

NEW YORK, 1844.

CATHARINE HOWARD.

IN the last Odd Fellows' Offering, we published two acts of a Drama, from the French of DUMAS, called "Catharine Howard," and promised to furnish the remainder this year. It will be found in the succeeding pages. For the convenience of our friends, we shall connect what we have already published with the remaining portion of the play, by giving a sketch of the first two acts, that will complete the narrative, and place the whole subject fairly before the reader.

The scene of the play is England, in 1542. The principal characters are Henry VIII., king of England, Ethelwood, duke of Durham, Catharine Howard, (the heroine of the piece) and the princess Margaret, the king's sister.

Henry VIII., the king of England, being, as usual, much in want of a wife, discovers, through the instrumentality of his alchymist, Jack Fleming, a lovely creature, of humble birth, called Catharine Howard, and determines to marry her. It so happens, however, that the sweet lady is beloved by Ethelwood, duke of Dur-

ham and marquis of Derby. The king, not knowing this fact, makes a confidant of Ethelwood, and informs him of his designs. The lover, though he conceals his feelings from the king, is, of course, in great distress—for he knows that, where a woman is concerned, Henry VIII. is the last man in the world to yield his claims in favor of another. But, in order to prevent the king from obtaining Catharine, he resorts to stratagem. He goes to Jack Fleming, the alchymist, and, by threats and promises, induces him to prepare a narcotic potion, which should, in its effects, so far suspend life as to give the appearance of death to the person who should use it. Having obtained this potion, he proceeds to the abode of Catharine, and, without apprising her of the consequences or his object, administers it to her; and shortly after receiving it, she, to all appearance, dies. She is conveyed to the tomb and buried; while the duke of Durham remains, after all have left the place, the king suddenly appears, and, after mourning over the sad and unexpected death of the girl, places a ring on her finger; but Ethelwood, seeing that she begins to recover, hurries his sovereign from the spot. After a time, Ethelwood returns, and finds Catharine restored, and groping about in her winding sheet. He releases her, and carries her to his castle of Durham, where he conceals her, after informing her of what he had done, and why, and that the king had ac-

tually descended to the tomb, where he placed the ring on her finger, and declared his grief and his love together.

Catharine Howard, young and vain, fond of gayety and anxious for distinction, soon becomes weary of her confinement. The knowledge that the king loves her excites her vanity, and she regrets, at times, her union with Ethelwood. She does not remain long in her reticacy, however, before the king himself appears at the castle of Durham. Ethelwood conceals the lady in haste, and receives his majesty with all due respect and ceremony. The king's errand is one that fills the duke of Durham with horror and dismay: he comes to offer to Ethelwood the hand of his sister, the princess Margaret, in marriage. Ethelwood refuses; the king grows angry and threatens him; a quarrel ensues; and his majesty leaves in high dudgeon. Ethelwood, knowing that he will be speedily arrested and tried for treason, determines to use himself the balance of the potion he had received from Fleming, which had produced the deadly effect on Catharine, and thus make it appear that, dreading the king's anger, he had destroyed his life. Before receiving the potion, he gives Catharine Howard a key of the tomb where he should be interred, and informs her, that though the king would receive another key, and be entitled to all his wealth and titles, (inasmuch as he was the last of his race), he had gold and jewels enough to pur-

chase another dukedom, and that, while all should suppose him dead, they would flee to some other country, and live in peace and happiness. He then swallows the potion, and soon, to appearance, dies. Catharine is for a few moments in great distress; but at length she takes the ring from his finger (for she had previously given it to Ethelwood,) and places it on her own. The story is then continued as follows:—

SCENES FROM "CATHARINE HOWARD,"

A DRAMA:

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ACT. III.

SCENE I.

The Reception Hall in the Palace of Whitehall. HENRY,
the Princess MARGARET.

Mar. (*sitting at the feet of the king, her head resting upon his knees.*) O! my lord! my lord! permit me to weep before you; for you alone can know why I weep. I long loved him!

Henry. Have courage, my child.

Mar. When, the day before yesterday, you were in despair as I am to-day, did I say to you, Have courage? No! but I said, Weep, for your heart is full!

Henry. But thou seest I have hidden that wo; and now who can see how much I suffered?

Mar. O! that was not your first love! and you did not keep it in your heart two long years, as a miser his

treasure; and then, you are a man and a king; between politics and ambition, there is little room in your thoughts for a woman.

* * * * *

O! my brother! you have lost more than any other; for among all the courtiers who flattered the king, he was the only man that loved Henry.

Henry. True.

Mar. It is a loss that shakes the throne.

Henry. True.

Mar. He was most noble among nobility; bravest among the brave.

Henry. True.

Mar. And yet *you* menaced him, my brother; *you* urged him to that awful extremity; *you* are the cause!..

Henry. Hush thee! hush thee! Into the abyss that whirls below that window, I would thrust my sceptre, my crown, all my royal treasures, if I could recall what I have done.

Mar. Yes,—but you have done this, my brother; and he is dead!

[*The door opens, and an Usher appears.*]

Henry. Silence, Margaret! Here are the members of the high chamber, of which he was one. They come from the funeral. Withdraw to thy apartments.

Mar. No! I pray you suffer me once more to hear his name; for indeed it shall be soon enough forgotten. I shall be courageous; I shall be calm; no one shall know that I have wept; none shall see that I suffer. Let me behold those that have last seen him; those who have closed upon him the door that never re-opens.

An Usher. My lords of the high chamber.

The King. Bid them enter.

SCENE II.

The preceding. The members of the parliament enter, while the king ascends his throne; they range themselves around it.

Sussex. (carrying a key upon a velvet cushion, kneels before the king.) Sire, we yesterday deposited in their last habitation the mortal remains of my lord Ethelwood, marquis of Derby, duke of Durham, and peer of England. He was the last and most noble of a noble and ancient race. We have, in accordance with usage and law, closed upon him the door of the tomb, where he sleeps among his forefathers; and I, the youngest of the nobility, have been chosen to present the key to your majesty; for the king of England is heir to all noble families whose race becomes extinct by death. Sire, here I present thee with that key: it has separated from the world of the living one of the noblest hearts that ever beat in an English breast.

Henry. Thanks, count of Sussex. [*An Usher takes the cushion, and places it on a table.*] Thanks, gentlemen and my lords. You have lost a companion and I a friend. It is an irreparable loss to us both. I receive his wealth and titles, not as an inheritance, but as a deposit; and he who shall merit them, by a like loyalty and courage, shall be the heir of the noble duke of Durham. Gentlemen and my lords, we once more thank you, and pray God to watch over and protect you. [*The peers bow, and slowly withdraw; the king continues, addressing himself to Margaret.*] Seest thou those men departing? They are the most pure, the most brave, the most powerful, of England's nobility. Well! choose among them all; and whoever he be that shall receive thy preference, I swear to thee that he shall add to his titles those of

marquis of Derby and duke of Durham, and to his honors that of becoming the brother-in-law of Henry of England.

Mar. Thanks, Henry! The world knows thee not. Thou art good. No! the heart that loved Ethelwood can love no one else, but God! . . . And of all the wealth and blessings of this world, I desire nothing, (*aside, taking the key from the cushion,*) save the key of that tomb. (*aloud.*) Farewell, Henry, my beloved brother, farewell! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

HENRY, (*alone.*) O! my heart, cheer thee up! Thou art too much like the door of a tomb; for the love that thou inclosest is what else but a corpse? O! Catharine! Catharine!

[*Enter an Usher.*]

The Usher. Sire, a young girl desires an audience; she has waited an hour at the door.

Henry. A young girl! What does she wish? This is not my day of public audience. Send her to the Grand Chamberlain.

The Usher. She desires to speak to your majesty alone.

Henry. Whence comes she?

The Usher. From the borough of Richmond.

Henry. Near the village where Catharine lived. Call the child in. [*Exit the Usher.*] It may be some companion who has known her, and who comes to ask of me a dowry for her lover.

SCENE IV.

The King, CATHARINE, veiled, standing near the door.

Henry. What is your wish, my child? (*CATHARINE advances slowly towards the king, kneels, and presents him the*

ring he had given her.) My ring! . . . Who, then, are you? (*He draws the veil quickly from CATHARINE's face; she remains kneeling.*) Catharine Howard! What means this? My God! is it a shadow? is it reality? . . . (*Taking her in his arms and raising her from the ground.*) Alive! alive! O! did I not see you lying upon the monument, enveloped in a shroud, pale, and cold as a marble statue? And God has permitted you to rise from the dead? O! speak! speak! Your voice alone can prove to me that you are not a spirit!

Cath. Sire, am I the first young girl who has been thought dead when she had only fainted, and who has awakened in her coffin?

Henry. O! if it is true, speak to me with another voice, and another accent. Let life re-appear in those eyes, color in those cheeks, or I will not—cannot believe! . . . O! didst thou not know that I loved thee?

Cath. I was told so.

Henry. Knowest thou that I, in despair, descended into thy tomb?

Cath. I was told so.

Henry. Knowest thou, in a word, that it was me who placed that ring on thy finger?

Cath. I have been told that it was; and I have brought it back to thee, sire.

Henry. Were thy slumbers, then, so profound that thou hast no remembrance of what was done during thy sleep?

Cath. I do not remember.

Henry. But of the past?

Cath. I have forgotten it.

Henry. All?

Cath. Yes. My life is only from that hour when I rose from the tomb; my remembrance goes not beyond it.

My existence is divided in two parts,—one is lost in night, the other in light!

Henry. But, my beloved Catharine, how camest thou out of thy tomb?

Cath. (*looking at a key she holds in her hand.*) Each tomb has a key, which locks and unlocks.

Henry. O! my God!

Cath. Sire!

Henry. I am filled with horror at the thought that thou couldst have been shut up in that sepulchre alive, among the dead, and no one knowing that thou wert there!

Cath. O! it were awful!

Henry. But canst thou imagine it? To awake in the coffin—alone—no help nigh! Minutes, hours, roll on, and then hunger comes!

Cath. (*with fixed eyes, placing her hand on her head,*) Horror! horror!

Henry. And I here in my palace, blest with the light of day, and my heart suffering such tortures, not to know that this loved being was buried in the dark sepulchre, her head resting on a tomb, cursing God! . . .

Cath. Pardon! (*she faints and falls.*)

Henry. Fainted! fainted! My God! she cannot bear such a remembrance! . . . Air! she needs air! (*He carries her to the window.*) Catharine! my beautiful Catharine! revive! thou hast nothing to fear. God did not will that one so young and beautiful should be lost to the world. Catharine! open those sweet eyes. O! that my voice may be more powerful now than it was in the tomb! Catharine! Catharine! (*She opens her eyes, but they still remain fixed.*) She recovers. Dost see me, dost hear me, Catharine?

Cath. Yes.

Henry. But thy memory ?

Cath. I am in the palace of Whitehall. There is the throne. Thou art the king. I had a ring, but it is gone.

Henry. It is here. Take it; it is thine forever.

Cath. Dost thou then renew to Catharine, living, the promises made to her dead ?

Henry. All.

Cath. (*looking at the key.*) O ! repeat them; for I have not heard, but desire to hear them. Speak to me, sire. Repeat those words that lull in sleep the memory, that charm the senses, that intoxicate the heart. Speak—I listen !

Henry. Well ! all that a woman, young and beautiful, can desire, all that my power can bestow, shall be thine. Now, my pretty Catharine, art thou satisfied ?

Cath. Speak—speak yet.

Henry. This palace, this throne, thou shalt share with me. Power, and luxury, and pleasure, shall be thine. Thou shall have *fetes* and tournaments, where thou shalt be twice queen, each day of thy life, so that a moment of weariness enter not thy heart. Say, wilt thou not then be happy ?

Cath. Do you believe I shall ?

Henry. Who shall hinder it ? Elect of heaven—young—beautiful—beloved

Cath. (*rising.*) And queen ?

Henry. Ay ! this night—this very night—the archbishop of Canterbury shall unite us ; and to-morrow, at thy rising, the royal cloak will be placed upon thy shoulders, the crown on thy head, and before my court of England, before Europe and the world, I shall proclaim Catharine Howard the wife of Henry VIII. And my court, Europe, and the world, will answer by bowing

down before thee, and saluting thee as queen of England and of France.

Cath. (*quickly turning, and gazing through the window.*) Sire, is the water which flows below this window very deep?

Henry. It is an abyss. (*Catharine holds the key of Ethelwood's tomb over the abyss.*) What doest thou, Catharine?

Cath. (*dropping the key.*) I? nothing. (*aside.*) I make myself queen. (*aloud.*) Sire, I am ready.

Henry. (*folding her in his arms.*) Then, await me here, Catharine, await me here. I shall soon return. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Cath. (*alone.*) Go, Henry, go; for from this hour I am thine. O! my God! my God! am I really awake, or am I only dreaming? Who shall accuse me of wrong? Am I not driven to the vortex where God wills I should go—blown by an invisible wind as the dust of the earth, or the cloud of the sky? But the past! the past! . . . It is void: the present alone is something, and the future, all. I live—I exist,—all that happens me is real. What matters that which remains? Verily, here is the palace; there the throne; my foot is on the first step. I ascend—I sit on it! O! if to-morrow I should awake in my isolated house at Richmond,—or in the sepulchre of the castle of Durham! If I am what I suppose myself to be, let some one come and assure me that this is real! Let some one bow down before me, acknowledge my power, and salute me as queen.

SCENE VI.

ETHELWOOD, CATHARINE.

Ethel. (*pale and haggard, appears at the door of Fleming's laboratory, and approaches slowly till he reaches the*

first step of the throne, and then bows.) Hail! Catharine Howard! hail! queen of England!

Cath. (drawing back in affright.) Horror! horror!

Ethel. It is not long since thou desiredst to be queen, Catharine; and thou seest that thy desires are no sooner expressed than accomplished.

Cath. Ethelwood! . . .

Ethel. Ah! thou knowest me! the tomb is an unfaithful abode, is it not? Thou believedst it more secure and profound.

Cath. Mercy! mercy! My God! awake me! Suffer me no longer to remain in this infernal dream.

Ethel. Ah! thou wouldst gladly believe it a dream! But, Catharine, thou art awake,—thou sleepest not!

Cath. No! no! thou art a spectre—a ghost—a shadow!

Ethel. I am, to all save thee. But I live for thee, Catharine—for thee! I am thy husband still, though thou art a widow!

Cath. What demon hath invoked thee from the grave?

Ethel. Thou hast forgotten, Catharine, that there were two keys, that locked and unlocked the same door, and that I gave thee one of those keys, while the other was sent to the king. Thou hast forgotten that there were two women, one whom I did not love, but who loved me, —I mean the princess Margaret—the other whom I did love, but who loved not me—*she* was called Catharine Howard. . . These women have changed their positions: the one who should have remembered, has forgotten me; and she who would not forget, has remembered me. So, when I awoke, I found one at my tomb instead of the other . . . that is all!

Cath. O! Ethelwood! mercy! mercy! (*she goes toward him.*) Pardon! Let us flee—flee together, as thou proposedst before we parted. Here am I; wrap me up in thy cloak—carry me in thy arms—hide me in some remote part of the world—isolate me in a desert . . . but let us away—away!

Ethel. (*repulsing her.*) No, no, madam! All destinies must be fulfilled here on earth,—mine as well as thine.

Cath. Ethelwood! . . .

Ethel. It has not been enough for thee, humble vassal that thou wert, to become marchioness of Derby, dutchess of Durham, peeress of England. Thou despisedst these honors, and saidst, I must be queen! Well! thou *shalt* be queen. Thou hast not feared even the love of Henry VIII. Well! that love shall destroy thee!

Cath. O! God! have compassion on me.

Ethel. Thou desiredst a crown. Thou shalt have it, and place it on thy head, but it shall wither thy hair. Thou hast wished for a sceptre: thou shalt have it; but it shall burn the hand that grasps it. Thou hast longed for a throne. Thou shalt ascend it; but in descending it, thou shalt fall on the block of Anne Boleyn.

Cath. (*grasping her neck with both hands.*) O! my God! my God!

Ethel. Ah! that thy sleep, madam, may bring brighter dreams, thou desiredst a couch on which four queens have already slept. Dare on that couch to close thine eyes, and in eight days thou shalt repent that sleep. Those queens shall come to tell thee of the hour when the dead shall rise from their graves; and I will be back to hear it.

Cath. I shall see thee again, then!

Ethel. Dost thou doubt it, Catharine? Were we not

wedded before the church? and does not death alone separate those whom the church unites? Yes, thou shalt see me again. The private entrances to this palace are well known to me; and Fleming and the princess Margaret will both lend me their aid and keep my secret. Catharine Howard, though she be queen of England, is no less marchioness of Derby. My rights are prior to those of Henry, madam; and though I am his loyal subject, I cannot consent to abandon to him more than the half of what I claim as my own.

Cath. What, then, wilt thou do?

Ethel. Thou hast ascended the throne by a slow and crooked route: haste thee, Catharine, and enjoy the happiness of thy arrival; for thou shalt descend it by a rapid and slippery path.

Cath. But thou canst not destroy me without destroying thyself.

Ethel. I have told thee, Catharine, that my destiny shall be thine, in death as well as in life. We have slumbered on the same couch: we shall ascend the same scaffold; we shall sleep in the same tomb.

SCENE VII.

The preceding. The King. The door in the back ground opens; pages and lords, entering.

Cath. The king! away! my lord, away! [*Ethelwood places himself behind a pillar near the apartments of the princess Margaret.*]

Henry. Gentlemen, behold the queen. Salute her. (*They all bow.*) Long live the queen! long live Catharine Howard! (*The king to Catharine*) I have kept my word, Catharine; I have brought the archbishop.

Ethel. It is my turn, then, to keep mine, Catharine; and I will bring the executioner. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A room of the queen. CATHARINE, asleep on a sofa; HENRY, near her, leaning on his elbow.

Henry. (*listening to words she utters in her sleep.*) Twice already has she thus exhibited these strange and powerful emotions. What can it mean? She is suffering either from fear or remorse. Why should her mind be thus awake and tormented, while her senses are asleep?

Cath. (*dreaming.*) The king loves me! Ah! No, not thee! To slumber and never awake! That key! (*extending her hand*) That water! (*opening her hand*) Ah!

Henry. It has been said that persons, when addressed in their dreams, will sometimes hear and answer. Catharine!

Cath. Who calls me? Who has descended into this tomb? That ring! . . . I will be queen.

Henry. Well, thou art queen, Catharine. What more dost thou desire?

Cath. The crown—the crown! . . . Ah! . . . A block! The block of Anne Boleyn! . . . Kneel! . . . Mercy! . . . Ah! (*gazing wildly around, and carrying her hands to her neck*) My God! (*perceiving Henry, and falling on her knees before him*) O! do not kill me! Pardon! Mercy!

Henry. Catharine, are you mad? Rise. What hast thou done that thou shouldst ask me to forgive?

Cath. O! you well know what it is. You gave the order! . . . (*looking round*) But no! it was a dream. . . . O! an awful dream! and you have heard, sire?

Henry. Yes.

Cath. What have I said? O! you must not believe what is spoken in a dream. Henry, dreams are the chil-

dren of Sleep and of Night, and the brothers of Folly. Strange words are sometimes spoken in dreams

Henry. (thoughtfully.) Be assured, Catharine. . . . Your words were of no moment.

Cath. (more calmly.) Ah! I have spoken some folly, which I would not dare to repeat; something that should be locked within my own breast, which I would not dare confide to another. Sire, every thing seems so strange to a poor child like me, who has been brought out of solitude to a palace, a magnificent court, to be surrounded by courtiers, eager to obey me—beloved of a king *(throwing her arms about his neck)* and that king, Henry of Lancaster, the lion of England and he subdued by me!

Henry. You lead me by a chain so mild, my pretty Catharine, that I can scarcely find courage to break it. But I must loosen it for a time: I am awaited by the council.

Cath. Stay yet a moment. The council will not complain that you keep them waiting. O! I have a rival, Henry, of whom I am sadly jealous; for she has the largest share of your thoughts, and robs me of hours which should be devoted to me alone. That rival is England.

Henry. Child!

Cath. O! Henry, I love you too dearly to be happy when you are absent. But as I am queen and you king, I must not hinder you from attending to the interests of England, for they concern my crown, my kingdom, and my subjects. I am a very bad queen, am I not, Henry? While I have so much to do, I neglect it all, and devote my time only to you.

Henry. I cannot tell, Catharine, whether you are a good or a bad queen; but I am sure you are the most

dangerous enchantress that ever lured the soul of a king. My place should be now in Scotland. Is it not unworthy of the king you call the lion of England to remain here and allow Dacre and Musgrave to beat that insolent St. Clair? O! your eyes are very fascinating.—Whatever they demand must be granted. What they ordain must be done. Suffer me to close them by this kiss, that I may be able to depart. (*he kisses her.*) Adieu, pretty queen; all the council—the peers of England—are waiting until you permit me to go. Send me away, then.

Cath. (*rising.*) No! Shall I not go with you?

Henry. Folly!

Cath. Am I not queen? And in my character of queen, have I not the right to preside? Frankly, do you think I would be less wise than my lord of Sussex?

Henry. O! indeed no! But you would have, between you both, about half the wisdom of my fool. Farewell, Catharine. If I have a moment to spare from the council, I shall come to ask if your thoughts are with me.

Cath. O! keep thy word!

[*Exit Henry.*]

SCENE II.

Cath. (*dropping her head, her hands falling languidly by her side, and her countenance showing an expression of agony.*) Ah! (*she goes toward a sofa.*) What weariness! My God! (*she falls upon the sofa.*) O! how soon shall this forehead wrinkle, if I wear this mask of gayety, while my heart is crushed with grief! I supposed I could love him because he was king Love him! Of all men, I fear him most. I could not close my weary eyes in his royal bed, and so, for a while, I fell asleep on this sofa. O! I had awful dreams! And he was near me: he could hear all—he could discover all. If, in those dreams, I had

spoken *that name*, I should have been lost. That name is ever in my thoughts, awake; it torments me in my sleep; the very demons of hell seem to be dancing around me, repeating it! (*At this moment Ethelwood, unperceived by Catharine, opens the door that leads to the apartments of the princess Margaret, and drawing the tapestry, advances slowly toward her.*) That name! sooner or later, it will be my turn to speak it! . . . if he to whom it belongs continues to pursue me, invisible and unknown to all save her who recognises him by his first gesture—his first look! Four days since, in the chase, his horse Ralph—whom I so well know!—crossed mine. Had he not neighed while passing, as if he recognised me, I should have taken both the horse and its rider for ghosts. The day before yesterday, on the Thames, his barque came in collision with mine. Yesterday, in one of the corridors of the palace, his cloak touched my robe. Like a spectre, he is everywhere—he enters every place. He must have found the enchanted bezoar, which, it is said, renders invisible those who possess it. He said that in eight days he would return to demand of me an account of my dreams. It is now eight days since he said this. . . O! I dare not even turn my head, lest I should see him standing behind me, gloomy and severe—lest I should hear his sepulchral voice, saying, “Catharine, here am I!” . . . Where are my ladies of honor? Why do they thus leave me alone? (*She reaches toward a bell; Ethelwood stops her.*) Ah!

SCENE III.

CATHARINE, ETHELWOOD.

Ethel. Stay a moment, Catharine.*Cath.* My God! By what means did you enter?*Ethel.* By the door which opens near your pillow,

which communicates with the apartments of the princess Margaret.

Cath. Are you, then, a magician, that the door should thus start at your bidding, (*showing him a key*) when I had myself locked it?

Ethel. You always forget, Catharine, that there are doors which lock and unlock with *two keys*.

Cath. (*going to the door and closing it.*) O! not that—at least, not that!

Ethel. Poor Catharine! Here are you, in the palace of Whitehall, as I was in the castle of Durham; and, in your turn, you are as careful to hide me from the sight of the king, as I was to conceal you.

Cath. O! if the king should see you here, we would both be lost.

Ethel. So I have said before.

Cath. What wouldst thou have of me now? Tell me. Speak.

Ethel. I wished to see thee again, to learn if thou art happy in thy new fortune,—to ask thee what thou doest in the day, and what thou dreamest in the night.

Cath. Happy! Ethelwood! O! I would not wish *such* happiness to him who should murder my mother! What do I in the day? I tremble at the least noise which stirs the reeds of the river, the trees of the park, the tapestry of the palace. What dream I in the night? O! thou knowest better than I can tell thee,—for thou hast well predicted my dreams, and I am tempted to believe thee the demon that sends them. O! Ethelwood, be satisfied! thou art well avenged! I am very unhappy, and it were time that thou didst pity me!

Ethel. Pity you, madam! Pity is a strange sentiment for a queen to inspire. Pity *you*! Do you not possess

what you so much desired? Have you not pages, and a numerous court, splendid dresses, and sumptuous apartments?

Cath. O! Kennedy! my white robe! my little chamber at Richmond! and thee—thee—my Ethelwood, loving as thou then lovedst me!

Ethel. (*seating himself upon a table near the sofa.*) Yes: it was me who was sad then, while you were gay and cheerful: it was you who asked, "What troubleth thee, my Ethelwood? thou art thoughtful;" it was you who took a guitar, and asked if you should sing to me a ballad. (*He takes a guitar, and strikes some chords which recall to the mind of Catharine a ballad which she had once sung to him.*

Cath. O! my God!

Ethel. Thou remembrest the air!

Cath. Yes.

Ethel. And these words! [*he sings.*

With one word thou mayst be queen:

King am I,—O! speak that word;

And before thy beauty's sheen

Here shall kneel thy sovereign lord.

Can a monarch's royal crown

Tame thy haughty spirit down,

And avert thy dreaded frown? Yes.

[*He throws the guitar violently from him.*

Cath. Hush thee! hush thee!

Ethel. It is but the echo of a former epoch in thy life. Canst thou complain that it repeats thy own words? But the king has heard thy answer, and the vassal wears a crown.

Cath. O! yes, unhappily.

Ethel. (*rising from the table and seating himself on a stool at Catharine's feet.*) When I asked thee to tell me more

of the courtship of king Robert and the pretty Elfrida, thou answeredst me that thou didst not know more.— Wouldst thou that I should tell it thee ?

Cath. For what object ?

Ethel. Because it may be that the adventure has sufficient resemblance to thine to excite thy interest. (*he lays his cap on the sofa.*)

Cath. Say and do what you please ; you are the master.

Ethel. The beautiful Elfrida, then, consents, and becomes the queen.

Cath. The wretch !

Ethel. But she forgot one thing, which was to confess to her royal husband her amours with the franc-archer Richard ; and that, too, in the time of a singular law, like that made by Henry of England, and which condemned to death all young women who, after such a connection, should espouse the king without apprising him of it.

Cath. To death !

Ethel. It is true, the secret was known to none but Richard, and that Richard was her accomplice.

Cath. And this law condemned the accomplice to the same death with the guilty, did it not ?

Ethel. Yes ; but what is death to a man maddened by jealousy, especially when at the same time he avenges himself upon a woman by whom he has been made to suffer the most extreme torture ?

Cath. My God !

Ethel. Richard, I said, was franc-archer to the king ; and in this capacity he had free access to the palace, and was enabled to enter the most remote apartments, and, even by a door to which he had procured a key, to gain admission to that of the queen. Richard did not fear death, for he was jealous, and wished to be avenged.

Cath. (*throwing herself on the sofa.*) Ah!

Ethel. Four days after her marriage, the queen met him at the chase, and his horse came crosswise of her own. A day or two after, the queen again found him upon the Thames, and her barque came in contact with his. The next day they passed each other in the corridor, and his cloak touched her gown. These three times she recognised him, for she became pale. Doubtless, upon entering her palace, she sought by what means she might be able to free herself from this man.

Cath. (*quickly.*) O! you do not believe that.

Ethel. No—it is true; it may be he was shut up in some vault, of which she alone had the key. Perhaps he was left to die of hunger and thirst; but as to being killed by a poignard or a sword——

Cath. O! never! never!

Ethel. It could not be. At all events he carried under his garment a coat of mail similar to this. (*opens his vest and shows a coat of mail.*) As Richard did not fear death, he feared not to seek revenge. On the morrow of the day on which he met the queen in the corridor, he ventured even to enter her bed chamber. The king had gone out, and she was alone. He threw himself at her feet, as I am at yours. He then took her hands, with which she strove to conceal her face, and forcing her to look upon him, he said to her, Catharine!—no, I am mistaken; Elfrida—Elfrida! tell me, was ever woman loved by man as I have loved you?

Cath. Never.

Ethel. Did ever man sacrifice more for woman than I have sacrificed for you?

Cath. Never! never!

Ethel. And was ever man rewarded as atrociously as

I have been ? (*rising*) O ! but tell me ! answer me, Catharine !

Cath. Pardon ! pardon !

Ethel. (*with despair.*) That is what she implored ; pardon for all—for her forgetfulness, her ingratitude. She asked forgiveness for surrendering herself to the embraces of another, and delivering to the caresses and kisses of another, the hands and the lips which he fondly dreamed were his own. You see pardon was impossible ; he could never pardon. You see it would be death to both.

Cath. Death to both !

[*Trumpets announce the approach of the king.*]

Ethel. Yes, to both ! for whilst the queen and her lover are closeted together, the king interrupts their conference.

Cath. My lord, the trumpets proclaim the approach of the king. Fly, fly !

Ethel. (*remaining.*) And as Richard chose not to fly——

Cath. But this is infernal !

Ethel. When the king entered the door of the queen's chamber, which he found closed——

Henry. (*without.*) It is I, Catharine ; open.

Cath. (*imploring.*) My lord, my lord !

Ethel. (*raising his voice.*) He heard two voices engaged in conversation.

Henry. Catharine, you are not alone ; open the door.

Ethel. (*repulsing Catharine, who falls.*) Ah ! Henry, Henry ! it is your turn to be jealous !

Cath. (*on her knees.*) Come, kill me at once !

Henry. Gentlemen, break open the door. Give me that mace.

Cath. (*pointing to the door as it yields.*) Go, go !

Ethel. Yes, it is now time that I should retire. I will return, Catharine.

[*he goes out.*]

Cath. Where shall I hide? whither fly? My God! I have no hope but in thee. Have pity on me!

[*The door gives way. Henry appears.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter HENRY. CATHARINE, trembling. Soldiers at the door.

Henry. (closing the door.) Tell me, madam! who was it that was closeted with you but now? (*approaching her.*) Look at me, and answer.

Cath. Nobody, sire—you perceive that I was alone.

Henry. (looking around, discovers Ethelwood's cap.) This cap belongs to some one, however; (*going to a door*) to one who went out by this door, but a moment since; does it not?

Cath. (running to him.) Sire!

Henry. Locked!

Cath. (breathing more freely.) That is true!

Henry. The key?

Cath. I do not know where it can be, my lord.

Henry. Search well, and you will find it. Search, I command you!

Cath. It is impossible for me to remember.

Henry. Search faithfully; your pockets, for instance.

Cath. (drawing the key from her pocket.) Here it is.

Henry. It is well—ha! the point of a poignard broken in the lock. Ah! your companion has taken his measures admirably to evade pursuit, but he forgot that he left you in my hands. Tell me, madam; who was it that went hence as I entered?

Cath. Sire, I entreat you.

Henry. His name?

Cath. (supplicating.) No one, sire.

Henry. His name?

Cath. O ! I cannot, sire, I cannot !

Henry. Ah, you cannot ! Anne Boleyn said so too—I cannot ! and yet we found means to overcome her silence, and her adulterous lips at last pronounced the name of Norris. For the last time, Catharine, the name of *this* man ?

Cath. Do with me as you please, sire, I am at your mercy.

Henry. Even so ; not one word of defence, not one word to justify ! nothing, nothing to make me doubt my ears, or my eyes, or to convince me that it was only my suspicion. Deceived, deceived, even by those in whom I reposed the most confidence ! I would fain have believed in thy truth, in spite of this cap, in spite of the closed door. I would have persuaded myself that my intense love had made me imagine things which did not exist. Captain of the guard, assure yourself of the person of the queen, and conduct her before the high chamber.

Cath. Sire, sire !

Henry. And you, Catharine, prepare to answer before the judges who condemned Anne Boleyn.

SCENE V.

The Hall of Parliament. HENRY, SUSSEX, CRANMER,
Members of Parliament.

Henry. (*rising.*) You are aware, gentlemen, that the crimes of treason and adultery are punishable with death. I therefore, in renewing the accusation, demand that the guilty person be put to death.

The President. My lords, is parliament sufficiently enlightened on this subject ?

A number of voices. Yes, yes, yes.

Sussex. No !

Henry. Why, my lord ?

Sussex. It may be sufficiently enlightened in its devotion to your majesty's will; but it cannot conscientiously condemn without evidence. Parliament is an independent court of justice, and is accountable to none but God alone. We have been now two hours in session, and have heard your majesty's accusations: but the proofs, sire,—where are the proofs?

Henry. Very well, very well, my lord; we shall give proofs. Meantime, we give our word.

Sussex. (continuing.) We have the right to claim those proofs of your majesty before we proceed to pass a sentence which must separate the head from the trunk, the soul from the body, and the queen from the king.

Henry. Adultery has already done this, my lord, more surely than it can possibly be done by the axe of the executioner.

Sussex. (gravely.) I insist, my lords, that, before we send one whom God has given us with a crowned head to her account, we should religiously weigh the accusation preferred against her. I repeat, we should not pass this sentence, unless her faults are of so grave a nature as to require the interposition of Divine mercy.

Henry. (furiously placing his foot on a table before him.) That is to say, my lord, that when I accuse, you defend; when I affirm, you doubt; and when I swear, you deny. My lord! my lord! you forget the difference between us: you forget that God has placed in this hand one of the greatest kingdoms of the earth, wherein, as I open or close it, fourteen millions of souls breathe or perish.

Sussex. Sire, you are in error. God has given your majesty the royalty, and not the kingdom; the body, and not the soul.

Henry. And, therefore, my lord of Sussex, when the

body, which contains a rebellious soul, is subdued, we call the executioner to our aid to sever the soul from it.

Sussex. And when the executioner delays, we have seen a king wear in his belt a dagger, which can fill wonderfully the office of the axe.

Henry. (startling.) My lord!

The Peers. (surrounding Sussex.) Count, withhold
My lord of Sussex be calm!

Sussex. O! my lords, stand aside, that the king may see I am alone, and that, if it be his good pleasure, he may attack me!

Archbishop of Canterbury. Sire, persuasion will reach the heart. Calm words are more potent than daggers. Your majesty spoke of proofs.

Henry. You are right, my lord. (*The queen enters.*) And here comes the accused herself, to furnish me with two which you will not doubt,—her anxiety and her paleness.

[*The queen appears, a murmur is heard among the spectators.*]

SCENE VI.

The preceding. CATHARINE, Dutchess of Oxford, Dutchess of Rokely.

An Usher. Silence, gentlemen!

Cath. (seating herself.) O! my lords, you will have pity on me, will you not?

The Archbishop. (to the king.) Will your majesty be pleased to repeat the accusation before the accused? She has a right to hear and answer it.

Henry. My lord, in this case there is not mere suspicion, like that I had conceived against Anne Boleyn. If there were, an investigation might be justifiable. This is a conviction which entered my heart by the eyes and ears. I saw and heard.

Cath. O! the king is in error, my lords.

Henry. When I returned from the council, my lords, I found the woman whom I had made queen closeted with her paramour. I heard the voices of both, and I broke open the door.

Cath. But, sire, you found me alone.

Henry. Yes; but in the lock of another door I found the point of a dagger had been broken, to prevent it from being opened; and I found a man's cap at your feet, madam; and, moreover, I found you pale and excited. And then your avowal! you acknowledged there had been some one with you.

Cath. O! no—never!

Henry. You avowed your guilt, but refused to expose the name of your paramour. But, gentlemen, this matters not; the judgment you pass against the guilty present, can at the same time be passed against the absent accomplice; thus, justice being meted to him, we can relieve you from pronouncing a second sentence. Now, my lords, I renew the accusation of treason and adultery already preferred against Queen Catharine: I affirm that I heard the voice of a man, who was closeted with her, and that I found a cap belonging to that man in the room, and at her feet. I affirm this on my honor and my faith, on my crown and the gospel; that is, on all that is holy and great in this world. And, my lords, he who, after this affirmation, shall express a doubt, must give the lie to his king.

The President. (to Catharine.) What have you to answer, madam?

Cath. O! my lord! what can I say? what answer to a word so influential as that of the king? Who can cope with the thunder of heaven? When the clap is heard,

one may close his eyes and bow in submission to the stroke. For myself, I have not the strength to repulse such a terrible accusation. Judge, then, in your clemency, my lord, more than in your justice. What you do shall be done well; and whatever it be, you have my thanks or my forgiveness.

The President. Is the parliament sufficiently enlightened on this subject?

The Peers. Yes, my lord; yes, yes!

The President. We will, then, deliberate.

Sussex. One moment, my lords. As my conscience forbids that I should take part in a deliberation of which, in advance, it is easy to perceive the result, and as, it is clear, that result will be a sentence of death—to the disgrace of the tribunal who shall pronounce it—I here, in the place my ancestors have occupied for four centuries, deposit my cloak of peer they bequeathed to me, and apprise you, from this moment, that I am no more a member of the parliament, but that I am here as a mere spectator of your debates. I enter the ranks of the people, who break sentences, and judge judges. (*He removes his cloak, leaves his chair, and takes his place among the people.*)

Henry. Very well, my lord of Sussex, we accept your resignation. There is no lack in England, thank God! of noble chevaliers, who will carry, as well as yourself, the insignia of the peerage. Gentlemen, I now leave you to your deliberations. (*he goes out.*)

The President. (to an Usher.) Conduct hither the accused.

Cath. My lords, do not forget that you are about to pronounce a sentence of life or death against a queen. Remember that I have been refused support and counsel. Recollect that it is a king who is the accuser of a weak

woman, left to defend herself; who, while you deliberate upon her fate, has no resource but to pray God to touch the hearts of her judges. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

The Peers, in groups, deliberating. Williams, Jackson, men of the people, among the officers of the house. A woman, an Usher.

Williams. Well! well! Five queens for one king! True enough, the last two did not long reign.

A Woman. Do you believe, master Williams, that she will be condemned?

Williams. I would wager my head against the block that she will. Anne of Boleyn had not done as much, and her case was soon settled.

Jackson. I was present at queen Anne's execution.

The Woman. Ah! Is it true that she never avowed any thing, master Jackson?

Jackson. Never! I was as near the scaffold as I am to the door opposite there; and I heard every word she uttered without losing a syllable.

The Woman. And what did she say?

Jackson. "People of London, I come here to die, as the law directs. As I have been judged by the law, I shall not complain of the decree that strikes me, but undergo the execution without a murmur. I shall condemn no one, nor say aught by way of justification. I pray God to preserve the king, and to multiply the days of his reign."

The Woman. Poor woman!

Williams. And what next?

Jackson. Then she laid her head on the executioner's block, and said, "I commend my soul to Christ!" This was the signal agreed on with the executioner; and, in-

deed, she had scarcely concluded speaking before it was done.

Williams. With one blow ?

Jackson. One only. Whack! O! the king had chosen a skilful man,—an executioner of Calais, whom he had called for the purpose.

The Woman. Will they again send for him ?

Jackson. O, no! Since that time our own has had enough to do to get his hand in!

An Usher. Silence, gentlemen! The court will declare the sentence

The President. Bring in the accused.

SCENE VIII.

CATHARINE, *entering, pale, and sustained by two women; she listens to the sentence up standing.* HENRY.

The President. This 9th day of February, 1542, on accusation preferred before us by his most gracious majesty the king, and from proofs furnished in support of said accusation, the parliament of England find Catharine Howard guilty of adultery; and decree that she, together with her unknown accomplice, shall be beheaded, near the entrance of London Tower, within three days from this time.

Cath. (shrinking.) Ah! My God! my God!

Henry. (approaching through a door in the centre.)
Thanks, my lords.

● *The President.* Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned.

Sussex. (extending his hand.) Not yet, my lord president; if it please the king, not yet.

Henry. What have you to say against the sentence ?

Sussex. Nothing, sire; it is what I expected it would be from the peers.

Henry. Then, as you are no longer a member of the

council that has passed this sentence, you have no share in its responsibility.

Sussex. It is true, I am no longer a member of this chamber; but I am still count of Sussex. I admit that I have discarded the cloak of a peer, but I have preserved the sword of a chevalier; and by it, with your permission, sire, I will appeal from the sentence just passed. (*he approaches slowly to the place where Catharine stands, and kneels before her.*) Madam, the support I offer you is, I acknowledge, a feeble one; but, alas! your situation is so desperate, that, however feeble, it may be your only hope in this world.

Cath. What mean you, my lord? am I not condemned?

Sussex. Yes, madam: but you have the right of appealing to the judgment of God against the judgment of men. Demand, then, the trial by combat: it cannot be refused; the old laws of England grant it to you. And if you would deign to receive as your champion the man at your feet, he will rise again only to proclaim your innocence and sustain you by his word and sword. (*turning to the archbishop.*) My lord of Canterbury, is not this what I promised to do?

The Ladies of the Queen. Accept, madam, accept!

The People. Yes! yes! The combat!—The judgment of God!

An Usher. Silence!

Cath. My lord, what do you propose? I pray you . . .

Sussex. I shall not rise, madam, until you do me the honor to think I am worthy to defend you.

Cath. But the combat might be fatal to you, my lord.

Sussex. My life belongs to my queen, and my soul to my God. If I die, you will have received your own, and God will receive that which belongs to him.

Cath. Do you desire this, my lord?

Sussex. I pray you, madam!

Cath. (*rising.*) My lords, I appeal to the judgment of God against the judgment of men. I demand the trial by combat in proof of my innocence, and choose as my champion my lord earl of Sussex.

Sussex. Thanks, madam, thanks. (*he rises.*) Now, my lords, hear! I, Charles William Henry, count of Sussex, pledge myself now and forever to maintain, with the lance, the axe, or the sword, that Queen Catharine has been judged unjustly by the parliament of England, and that she is in every respect guiltless of the crime of adultery, of which she has been accused.

A Voice from among the People. Count of Sussex, you lie!

Sussex. Let the man who spoke those words approach and take up this glove. [*A chevalier, completely covered with armor, and with his vizor drawn over his face, slowly advances toward Sussex.*]

Cath. (*shrinking.*) 'T is he! 't is he!

Her Ladies. Who?

Cath. The spirit . . . the spectre . . . the demon!

The Chevalier. My lords, in answer to the defiance of the count of Sussex, I here affirm, on the honor of my blood and of my race, that the sentence passed by the parliament is just. I assert that Queen Catharine belonged to another before she became the wife of the King,—that she married the king without apprising him of this fact,—and that, since her marriage, she has received into her chamber her former lover. Therefore, I take up the glove of the count of Sussex, accept his defiance, and pray him to name the day of combat.

Henry. (*after a pause.*) To-morrow, gentlemen, the judges will make known, by sound of the trumpet, the

place and weapons that will have been chosen. The night remains to you to prepare yourselves to meet your God, before whose tribunal, ere twenty-four hours shall have passed away, one of you must appear. My lords, the meeting is adjourned. Let the queen be reconducted to the Tower; and allow her to have free communication with her champion.

The Chevalier. (to Sussex.) To-morrow, my lord.

Sussex. (offering his hand unhesitatingly.) To-morrow!

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the Tower of London. CATHARINE and the dutchesses of Oxford and Rokeby. CATHARINE on her knees before an altar on which is a crucifix.

Cath. Death, death to me!—To be slaughtered, without pity, without mercy! O! has this man a heart of brass, as well as a breast of iron? Poor count of Sussex!

Dutchess of Oxford. It will be necessary to carry an enchanted armor, in order to enable you to withstand the blows of your enemy.

Cath. Yes, I see it well. All the demons of hatred and revenge direct his arm.

D. of Oxford. Will your grace permit me to remind you that the king has given permission that the archbishop of Canterbury—

Cath. Yes, dutchess, yes, I know it; Henry, in my quality as queen, has granted a prince of the Church to attend me in my last moments. I thank him; but, perhaps, I would be as well pleased with an humble village priest. When does he visit me, ladies?

D. of Oxford. At six this evening.

Cath. Ah! do you believe that Henry will suffer me to die? when with a word—a single word—But he will

not speak it! Yet he could do it easily! Is there no means by which I can be saved? Tell me, Oxford; tell me, Rokeby? (*the two ladies weep.*) O! my God! my God! O! leave me, since you cannot assist me,—leave me alone. (*the ladies retire.*)

SCENE II.

CATHARINE *alone.* *The clock strikes.*

Cath. Three—four—five—(*mournfully.*) Five o'clock! One hour more, and I cease to be; and the morn of the morrow will dawn upon my tomb! I had hoped for so many days! I hoped to hear the sound of many happy hours. I, so young, have passed a third part of my existence in sorrow, and have but to extend my arms to reach eternity. To die!—a thought which has seldom presented itself to my mind—which but yesterday began to alarm me. To die! to die! O! my God! my God! wilt thou leave me thus to die? Kennedy! my delightful home of Richmond—my beautiful lawn—the glad dreams of youth! I find myself a wretch, in spite of all these fond enjoyments and these cherished hopes. Fool that I have been! O! would the king but tell me, "Catharine, I pardon thee; return to the retreat from which I have drawn thee away;" how would I kiss his hands—how would I embrace his knees! And yet it may be! If I can see him, and pray and weep, perhaps he may grant forgiveness. Indeed, I am sure he will. What can it be to the king whether I live or die? My death can add nothing to his greatness. I must see him. But, ah! I deceive myself,—he will not relent! (*she takes up a purse of gold.*) Oh, my last hope—sole remnant of my queenly fortune—come to my aid! The time is past, and my hour is come; I have no more space to measure on the journey of life! Oh! my heart beats as if it would rend my breast! (*she*

rests her elbows upon her knees, and presses her temples with her clinched fist; meanwhile, she fixes her eyes upon the door, which opens slowly, and the executioner enters. He stops suddenly, and drops upon one knee before the queen.

SCENE III.

CATHARINE, *the Executioner.*

Ex. You know who I am, madam?

Cath. Doubtless—you are—(*she pauses, overcome by her emotions.*)

Ex. Yes.

Cath. Why kneel?

Ex. I come, according to custom, to ask your pardon.

Cath. O! cruel derision! The executioner asks pardon for inflicting the blow upon his victim,—and he will inflict it notwithstanding!

Ex. It must be done.

Cath. (*looking at the purse which she holds in her hand.*) Tell me, do you find nothing horrible in this vocation of yours?

Ex. It is horrible.

* * * * *
Cath. You are the only one of your vocation in London?

Ex. The only one.

Cath. If you quit the city, who will fill your place?

Ex. Nobody.

Cath. And then they will be obliged to seek the one in Calais?

Ex. As they did for Queen Anne, so they will have to do for you.

Cath. Which will allow me a respite of three or four days, will it not?

Ex. Without doubt.

Cath. During which time, I may be able to obtain an interview with the king, or else to write to him, to supplicate his favor. My friend, you must leave London.

Ex. Impossible.

Cath. Why?

Ex. Who will provide for my wife and children?

Cath. And if I make you rich,—your wife, your children, and yourself?

Ex. Rich!

Cath. How much does the high Chancellor allow you a year?

Ex. Twenty pounds.

Cath. Do you see this purse?

Ex. Well!

Cath. It contains a thousand pounds; that is to say, a sum which it would take you fifty years to earn. It is yours, if you wish it.

Ex. What must I do for it?

Cath. Fly; that is all.

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Ex. This purse will appertain to me, without my running so great a risk to possess it; the spoils of the condemned are my perquisites.

Cath. Yes, but I can give it to one of my women.

Ex. You do not regard them.

Cath. From the high scaffold, I can throw it among the crowd, proclaiming that I give it as a legacy to the people there assembled.

Ex. What you have done, madam, is a dreadful temptation to a man; for, after having so imprudently revealed the value of the purse, it might be taken from you by force.

Cath. (*putting the purse to her mouth.*) Let it be at—
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tempted, then, and we shall see who will be bold enough to tear open the breast of the queen to obtain it.

Ex. This purse contains a thousand pounds sterling, madam?

Cath. A thousand pounds.

Ex. You swear it?

Cath. I do most solemnly (*extending her hand*) upon this crucifix.

Ex. Give it me, and I am gone.

Cath. And by what shall I swear you, that you will depart?

Ex. Upon the crucifix also.

Cath. Swear by the life of the youngest of your children, master; I like that better.

Ex. I swear it, madam, by the life of my youngest child; and may I never prosper, if I violate my oath, that as soon as I receive that purse, I will quit London, never more to return.

Cath. There—be gone! [*She pushes him forcibly; he goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

CATHARINE, alone. She falls upon her knees.

Cath. O, my God, my God, I thank thee! for I trust that thy vengeance is past. [*Enter the Archbishop.*]

Archb. Well, my daughter; I expected to find you in this devotional frame, and in this humble posture; for I met the man who just went hence——

Cath. He is gone—is he not?

Archb. Yes, but soon to return.

Cath. To return, my lord? He told you he would return?

Archb. He said nothing to me; but you have not more than half an hour.

Cath. (*aside.*) True, I have not more than half an hour for him—for he cannot know.—(*smiling*) O, no, no,—he does not know!

Archb. My daughter, what strange thoughts fill your mind, which have power in such a moment to cause a smile upon your lips?

Cath. (*without listening to him.*) Do you believe, my lord, that if I could see Henry, my tears—my entreaties—that which remains of that beauty which he has once loved—could cause him to relent?

Archb. God holds the heart of the king in his right hand, madam; and as God is all merciful, I doubt not that in this case he will inspire our sovereign with thoughts of clemency.

Cath. You must procure me an interview with the king, my lord of Canterbury.

Archb. Me, madam? It is impossible! Do you forget that in a few minutes——

Cath. But if, instead of a few minutes, it should be a few days?

Archb. The execution is fixed at six o'clock.

Cath. But if at six o'clock the execution should not take place?

Archb. What can hinder, unless the victim lacks an executioner?

Cath. The executioner, who may lack the victim.

Archb. I do not understand you.

Cath. My lord, what I would tell you, remember, is the commencement of my confession; and God will help you to preserve the secret of confession.

Archb. It will die with me.

Cath. (*leaning on his shoulder and speaking in a low tone.*) There cannot be an execution without an execu-

tioner. Well, the executioner is gone. When you met him he was leaving the place to return no more, and by this time is—*(in a lower tone)* He has quitted London.

Archb. What strange thing is this !

Cath. Listen, my lord ; you have no will in the matter : I have never done you any wrong ; and if I had, you would not wish me ill ; and whatever I have done in ignorance, that religion, of which you are one of the principal ministers, ordains you not to assure me of pardon alone, but also requires you to extend the hand of kindness to your fellow creatures in their distress, to sustain them in their weakness, and succor them in danger. Well, my lord, give me your hand ; sustain me—help me.

Archb. What can I do for you ? [*a noise from the populace.*]

Cath. Hark !

Archb. It is the people assembled round the place.

Cath. Yes, the lion is roaring for his food. I will write to the king, shall I not ? You will deliver my letter, my lord ; will you promise me ? *(to one of the guards who enters)* What do you wish ?

The Guard. *(looking around.)* Pardon me, madam ; I came to see—*(to others without)* He is not here.

Cath. *(gaily.)* Go, sir ; he whom you seek is not to be found : he has given me his word.

Archb. God protects you, my child ; I will do what you wish. [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Cath. What means that ?

Archb. I know not. *(Catharine clings to the Archbishop.)*

A Voice without. People of London ! the lord high Chancellor, minister of justice, wishes you to know, that, at the moment the executioner is required, he has disap-

peared; and, that the execution of the sentence may not be delayed, he offers to any person who will undertake the office, the sum of twenty pounds sterling, authorising him to conceal his face, during the execution, with a mask. He declares that whoever will perform this work shall be considered as having discharged the duty of a good citizen. [*The trumpet sounds again, and the same proclamation is repeated.*]

Cath. Ah, my lord, heard you that?

Archb. I did.

Cath. But it cannot be possible they will find a man under heaven so heartless as to undertake such a task.

Archb. I trust not.

Cath. (*sealing herself.*) I will write;—but what must I write? Tell me, my lord; my mind is bewildered.

Archb. You know better than myself, madam. Speak in any language by which you may hope to move the heart of the king.

Cath. Nobody will offer himself; is it not so? no one will fill so horrible an office. It would be an abominable murder.

Archb. Hasten with your writing, madam.

Cath. (*writes.*) "Henry—with one foot upon the scaffold, it is with the glimmering of the last ray of hope"—(*she stops suddenly, and points with terror to a masked man who enters.*) My lord, do you see? (*she rises and falls back.*) It is he!—it is he!

SCENE V.

The preceding. *ETHELWOOD, masked.*

Ethel. Are you ready madam?

Cath. It is his voice, disguised. I could not have thought it! O, my lord, I am lost! [*She passes to the other side of the Archbishop.*]

Archb. Why do you not try to dissuade this man ?

Cath. He, my lord, he!—as well might I undertake to beseech a block of wood.

Archb. If it is so, my daughter, confide to me the avowal of your faults; and since I cannot save your body, I will seek to save your soul. I am ready to hear you.

Cath. I cannot, my lord,—I—I—I cannot remember.

Ethel. I will do it for her, my lord; for well do I remember.

Archb. This man knows all, then ?

Cath. As well as God himself, my lord.

Ethel. This woman was a poor young girl, without nobility, without parents, hidden among the people like a flower beneath the herbage, without prospect—without hope. Do I speak truly, Catharine ?

Cath. (*leaning on the Archbishop.*) It is true.

Ethel. A certain man discovered her in her humility. This man loved her. He ranked among the most distinguished and powerful of England's nobility. He succeeded in seducing her, and made her his mistress,—and he afterwards married her. This man was afterwards offered by the king the high trust of vicegerent of the realm. For the sake of this woman he refused the offer. Is that true, Catharine ?

Cath. (*shrinking under his words.*) It is true.

Ethel. This refusal caused him the loss of his rank, his estate, his dignity, his titles. Poor, and despoiled of all for the sake of this woman, he did not even hesitate to die for her. Confiding in her, he was locked up in a tomb, of which he had given her the key; and this key, which he had entrusted to the angel of his life, this woman, at the sight of a palace, a sceptre, and a crown—this woman, without remorse, threw this key, which

alone could open the sepulchre of him who had made such sacrifices—who had lost all for her—estate, rank, dignity, titles—threw into a gulf, my lord, that key—that key! Is it true, Catharine?

Cath. (*falling on her knees.*) It is true.

Ethel. She was inspired by a wish to become a queen; and in that desire she was gratified. You, my lord, have seen her upon the throne; you have beheld her lavishing upon another the names of husband and beloved. It is true, this other was the king. But to him she confessed nothing; she deceived him as she deceived the duke. The king has avenged this deceit. He arraigned her before the chamber of peers. You were there, my lord, and took part in the judgment which was rendered; and you have no cause for regret, for you were convinced of the guilt of this woman. She herself is conscious that she has merited her fate, and a thousand deaths beside. Yet, instead of placing her head under the feet of your justice, instead of striking her breast and exclaiming, "It is my fault, and I implore the mercy of God," she accepted the mad devotion of the count of Sussex; to her he offered his sword; nor did she disclose anything to him. I am unworthy; it is to him she offers up her life—the good, the loyal and noble Sussex; for it was she who killed him, my lord, and not his adversary, inasmuch as she persuaded him to be, before God, the champion of a cause which she as well as her God knew to be unjust. Is it not true, Catharine?

Cath. (*on her knees.*) It is true.

Ethel. And now, my lord, since you are as well informed of her crimes as myself, absolve her, my father, and haste, for the guilty is on her knees, and the populace are waiting. The time has arrived, (*going out*) and

the executioner is ready. [*A noise is heard from the people as Ethelwood appears.*]

SCENE VI.

The Archbishop, CATHARINE, dutchesses Rokeby and Oxford.

Archb. My daughter, you confess the crimes of which you have been accused?

Cath. Yes, my father; believe you that God will forgive me?

Archb. (blessing her.) God is all powerful, and his mercy is infinite. In the name of God, I absolve you.

Cath. (raising her head.) Proceed, my father. (*Catharine, leaning upon the Archbishop, retires through the large window which opens upon the scaffold, around which are ranged soldiers bearing torches. The black curtains are drawn and closed. The two dutchesses remain in prayer upon the scene. The voice of the Greffier is heard, exclaiming*) The warrant of the high chamber, which condemned to the penalty of death the queen Catharine Howard and her accomplice, fixes the execution at three days from that on which judgment was rendered, and the hour at six o'clock. [*The clock strikes six. A shout is heard from the populace.*]

The two Ladies. My God, receive her into thy mercy! My God—my Saviour—have pity upon her! [*The black curtains are drawn apart; the corpse of Catharine is seen, covered with a pall; the Archbishop is on his knees, and Ethelwood near him.*]

Ethel. You have seen, my lords, the complete execution of the warrant. I have struck the blow. (*tearing off his mask.*) Behold her accomplice!

NEW YORK, October 14, 1844.

THE END.

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